

# The Daily Mirror

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## PRESENT MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.



Charles Henry Alexander Paget, sixth Marquis of Anglesey, Earl of Uxbridge, Baron Paget, who, in his twentieth year, succeeds his cousin, the late Marquis.—(Langflier.)

## FAMOUS FRENCH AUTHOR.



M. Jules Verne, the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and many other celebrated books, whose condition has for days past caused his friends serious anxiety.—(Nadarz.)

## LAUNCH OF THE KASHIMA, A BATTLESHIP BUILT FOR JAPAN IN GREAT BRITAIN.



The Kashima, the great battleship built for Japan by Messrs. Armstrong, taking the water in the Tyne at her launch from the Elswick works. The curious balloon-like cage hanging from her bows contained a great flight of doves, which, in accordance with Japanese custom, were liberated as the vessel entered the water.







## FEELING THE WAY TOWARDS PEACE.

China Makes Overtures to England for Mediation.

### THE KING'S VIEW.

His Majesty Anxious Everything Possible Should Be Done.

Everywhere yesterday—on the Stock Exchange and in political circles—the impression was abroad that a movement was about to be made towards peace in the Far East.

It was natural that the fact that a Cabinet Council was hastily summoned gave rise to conjectures that Great Britain was considering the rôle of an intermediary, but during the afternoon it was officially denied that the Cabinet meeting had been called to discuss proposals for peace.

Still, in the best-informed Parliamentary circles, the view is entertained that we are on the eve of an important development in the direction of peace, which, while eminently satisfactory to Russia will at the same time be cordially welcomed by Japan.

It is believed that through Chinese-quarters overtures have been made to the British Government to learn how far they would be willing to assist in bringing about a satisfactory conclusion of the war.

His Majesty the King is known to be particularly favourable to every assistance being given with this object, and, quite unofficially, intimations have been conveyed to St. Petersburg that everything the British Government can do to influence her ally, Japan, in the matter will be done.

One thing appears to be pretty certain—that very shortly developments will take place which will open the door to negotiations between the belligerents, and, when these are opened, the influence of the Great Powers will doubtless be exercised to secure a satisfactory conclusion.

### "NOT IMPOSSIBLE"

Russia Makes Martial Preparations with Pacific Intent.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Petit Parisien" publishes the following from its St. Petersburg correspondent:—

"The view is corroborated that the continuation of the war is regarded rather as a means of pressure than as the execution of a military plan.

"The eventuality of peace is not regarded as impossible at Tsarskoe Selo."

"At the time of the last Council of War several members declared themselves in favour of a cessation of hostilities."

### ARMY OF 600,000.

Overwhelming Force To Be Raised for Avenging the Defeat of Mukden.

PARIS, Thursday Morning.—According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris," the Russian forces in Manchuria under the new arrangements will number 600,000 men, without taking into account the troops guarding the railway and the garrison at Vladivostok.

These 600,000 will be divided into four armies, the first under the command of General Zurobaitz, the second under the command of General Kuropatkin, the third under General Baron Meyendorff, if his health will allow him to take the command, and the fourth under the general now commanding the Sixth Army Corps.

The four armies will again be divided into two groups, two of them being under General Linivitch, and the other two under General Kuropatkin. The Generalissimo is to be the Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievitch, General Sukhomlinoff acting as Chief of the Staff.—Central News.

### INTERNAL LOAN OF £20,000,000.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The agreement for the new Russian internal loan of 200,000,000 roubles (about £20,000,000) was signed to-day. The issue price is 96, and the loan is to be redeemable in fifty years.—Reuter.

### JAPANESE MAINTAIN THE PURSUIT.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, March 23, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—"On March 21 our detachment following up the enemy entered Chantu, twenty miles north of Kaiyuan. The enemy in large bodies are retreating in disorder towards north-east along the railway."

## LADY ROBBED OF £1,500.

Englishwoman the Latest Victim of Gang That Makes £20,000 a Year.

PARIS, Thursday.—Mrs. Beloms, a lady who lives at Princes-gate, London, is the latest victim of the notorious Continental railway thieves.

Travelling from Cannes to Paris, she left her seat at Marseilles to visit the restaurant, and on returning discovered that her dressing-case, containing valuables worth £1,500, had been stolen.

On Monday Lady Wynford was the victim of the same gang. She left Cannes for Paris, and arriving at the Hotel Regina found her dressing-case had been broken open and rings to the value of £200 abstracted.

By two other robberies of a similar character, a French lady lost £800 on Tuesday, and an official of the French Chamber of Commerce £200.

The French police recognise these thefts as the work of an expert gang who have been energetically at work for some months.

It is estimated that during the last year £20,000 worth of jewellery has been stolen from Continental trains, the victims including Mrs. Lorillard, an American society leader (£3,000), Mrs. McLaughlin, another American (£5,000), £3,600 worth of specie was taken from the Customs parcels department at the Gare Maritime in Paris not long ago.

The notable railway robberies of recent years are those of £20,000 and £30,000 worth of jewellery belonging to Mary, Duchess of Sutherland, at Paris, and of £25,000 worth of jewels of which the Countess of Dudley was relieved at Paddington.

### RUSSIA'S GOLD.

Strange Offer To Show the "Times" Its Vast Reserve Hoard.

A novel challenge has been issued by the Russian Minister of Finance to the editor of the "Times."

On the 11th of this month an article by Mr. Lucien Wolf, entitled "Is Russia Solvent?" was published in the "Times."

It contained the following sentence:—

"Her gold reserve is a colossal Humbert safe, the vaulted millions of which are unconsciously lent by her dupes for their own further deception."

Mr. Wolf did not dispute the existence of the gold reserve, but it reacted that it really offered no security for Russia's vast borrowings, although it forms a glittering bait to the credulous lenders.

But M. Kokovtsov, the Russian Minister of Finance, chose to assume that the "Times" article disputed the maintenance of the gold reserve, and therefore cabled the following invitation to the editor:

Fully appreciating the position your paper holds, and believing in your personal good faith, I beg to suggest that you should come to St. Petersburg in order to see and verify personally the gold reserve kept in the vaults of the State Bank.

KOKOVTSOV, Minister of Finance.

This invitation has been declined, the "Times" pointing out that the point at issue is not the existence of the reserve, but the extent to which it can be drawn upon without impairing the credit of the country.

### 'BURGLAR TRUST' WOUND UP.

Severe Sentence on the "Forty Thieves" Gang of Amiens.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

AMIENS, Thursday.—The sensational trial at Amiens of the Abbéville gang of forty thieves has come to an end with the passing of life sentences on the leader, Marius Jacob, and Bour.

Ferré was sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement, and Pelissard to eight years' penal servitude.

Jacob's mother, and the women Lazaire, Roux, and Ferré each received five years' imprisonment. Shorter terms were served out to the lesser members of this unique criminal organisation.

### EUROPEANS IN DANGER.

Riotous Mahomedans Overpower the Authorities—Business at a Standstill.

The fears for lives of Europeans in Persia are aggravated by yesterday's news.

Armed Mahomedans, says Reuter, have demolished the caravanserais at Meshed, in Persia, and as a result of this destruction of the warehouses they carried off about £3,500. Business offices have been closed and left to their fate.

The authorities are powerless to cope with the rioters, who threaten to attack Russian subjects. These latter have sought refuge in the Consulate, and a general state of panic prevails.

## PSER'S CONTRETEMPS

Aged Lord Wemyss Sits Down on His New Silk Hat.

The House of Lords was yesterday relieved by a most mirth-provoking incident.

The Earl of Wemyss, the octogenarian politician, whose consistent vigour and old-world style of parliamentary speaking has made him a distinguished institution in the gilded chamber, had been entertaining the House to an interesting dissertation on the subject of Sunday trading, in which he drew a realistic picture of the habits of the working man who "struggles in the mud to show his athleticism, plays football with his head, and does his shopping on Sunday mornings."

Their lordships stared in blank astonishment at these dreadful revelations.

Did they doubt his words? "I invite your lordships," said the venerable earl, "to go to Piccadilly on Sunday morning. It would pay your lordships well."

### A LOUD EXPLOSION.

At the close of his impassioned peroration the aged peer plumped down with his accustomed vigour on his cross-bench.

Instantaneously there was a loud explosion. The noble lord had crushed his new silk hat!

Roars of merriment were repeated again and again from the crimson benches. It disturbed the dignified serenity of the entire sitting.

Lord Wemyss's amusing contretemps recalls a similar episode of a few years ago, when the King of the Belgians, who was sitting on the same cross-bench, the noble lord was endeavouring with a sweeping gesture to elaborate an argument, when he accidentally knocked off the hat of his royal neighbour.

His Royal Highness entered into the humour of the situation, and promptly accepted his lordship's apology.

### DIARY OF AN M.P.

View Gaining Ground That a Dissolution Will Follow the Budget.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Evening.—To-day there is much speculation in the Lobby as to how Mr. Chamberlain will regard the proceedings in the House last night on the fiscal motion.

One of his friends takes the view that he is not pleased with Mr. Balfour's action, while Government supporters, on the other hand, assert that it was taken with the full approval of the member for West Birmingham.

The view is gaining ground that immediately after the Budget Mr. Balfour may put an end to an unhappy situation by appealing to the country. No significance need be attached in this connection with the announcement that the King will make a Continental trip early in April.

His Majesty's trip, it is understood, will be a short one, although I have reason to know that it was postponed at one time in view of the possibility of a dissolution earlier in the session.

Otherwise there is scarcely the remotest chance of the Government being defeated this side of Easter.

Supply kept the Chamber dull and almost empty during the greater part of the sitting to-day.

### FLOUR AS A WEAPON.

Besieged Schoolmistress Utterly Routs the Forces of the Enemy.

A score of youths who serenaded Miss Aspinall, the defiant Shelton ex-schoolmistress, with a tin-kettle band, and paraded her in effigy, found her more than a match for them when they tampered with her barricaded window. They are not likely to repeat the assault.

Suddenly they were drenched with water, and a well-aimed charge of flour followed. The ring-leader received both water and flour full in his face, and the attacking force fled, and returned no more.

Miss Aspinall's fertility of resource is the main cause of her success in holding the fort so long single-handed.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The steamers Cameo and Alliance were yesterday sunk in the Firth of Forth by collision with submerged rocks.

The Canadian Government have decided to place a Marconi wireless telegraph station on Sable Island. It will be ready in August.

A portrait of Louis Quatorze, owned by a Milwaukee gentleman, is pronounced to be a genuine Gainsborough. If it is, it is a similar painting bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan for a high price must be a duplicate.—Laffan.

Mr. Jacques Loet, professor of physiology at the University of California, has produced a substance, by the use of common vinegar and salt, which exhibits the same symptoms of life as are observed during the normal course of fertilisation of sea-urchins' eggs.

## KAISER'S DREAM OF GERMAN EMPIRE.

He Says Germans Are the Salt of the Earth.

### THEIR PEACEFUL MISSION

My dream of a world-empire is that of a German Empire, which shall be regarded on all sides as a quiet, honest, and peaceable neighbour.

The above passage strikes the keynote of a remarkable speech which has just been made by the German Emperor at Bremen, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of his father, the late Emperor Frederick.

"When I acceded to the throne," observed the Kaiser, "I took an oath on the German flag to do all in my power to maintain peace, but at the same time to keep on bayonets and cannon so sharp and efficient that foreign enmity and jealousy could not prevent us from building up our prosperity in our own country."

"I vowed, as the result of my studies of the world's history, never to strive after a mighty world supremacy. What has become of the so-called world-empires?"

### LESSONS FROM GREAT HEROES.

"Alexander the Great, Napoleon the First, and all the great war heroes swam in blood, and left behind them enslaved peoples, who took the first opportunity of rising in rebellion and destroying their empires."

If history has ever to record the existence of a German world-empire or a world supremacy of the Hohenzollerns, that supremacy will not be based on conquests gained by the sword, but on mutual confidence between ourselves and other nations which are striving after similar objects.

His Majesty thanked God he was not obliged to call attention to the weakness of their navy, as he once did at Hamburg.

They had enough men, and every new German warship launched was a new guarantee of peace on earth.

"As a youth, when I stood before the model of the fleet of the first Emperor which I felt with inward rage the dishonour which was done to the German flag of those days."

### "SALT OF THE EARTH."

"God in Heaven," continued the Emperor, "would never have taken so much trouble with our German Fatherland and with our people if He had not intended that we should achieve great things on earth."

"We Germans are the salt of the earth, but we must prove ourselves worthy of our great mission."

"I hope with all my heart that the golden peace which we have been able to maintain with God's help will be maintained in the future."

### EMPEROR TO CALL AT DOVER.

Official information was yesterday received at the German Consulate at Dover that the German Emperor is expected to arrive there at eight o'clock this morning on board the Transatlantic liner Hamburg.

This boat was specially fitted up for his Majesty's Mediterranean cruise.

Important dispatches await the Kaiser at Dover, and they will be taken to him on board.

### THE QUEEN AT LISBON.

Duke of Connaught's Royal Reception by the Boy-King of Spain.

Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, lunched with King Carlos and members of the Portuguese Royal Family yesterday, King Carlos having personally welcomed Princess Victoria and Princess Charles on the landing-stage at Lisbon.

The Duke of Connaught's arrival in the royal train at Madrid yesterday was the occasion of a splendid reception.

A company of Spanish infantry, with their colours, formed a guard of honour, the band playing the English National Anthem.

The way to the reception-hall at the Southern Station was lined with Halberdiers. Here King Alfonso, surrounded by Ministers and officers, welcomed the Duke.

### KING EDWARD DRIVES OUT.

King Edward made his first public appearance since his indisposition yesterday.

After walking in Buckingham Palace grounds, he drove in a brougham for three-quarters of an hour in Hyde Park and Regent's Park.

"The Lancet" attributes his Majesty's cold to a chill caught while driving in his motor-car:—"Some bronchial catarrh with a slight rise in temperature ensued, and it was found necessary by his medical attendants to advise him to remain indoors."



## FEVER SPOILS SPORT.

Lincoln Epidemic Seriously Affects Opening of Flat-racing.

## JOCKEY CLUB'S DILEMMA.

Racegoers are not looking forward to the opening of the season for flat-racing, which takes place at Lincoln next Monday, with the customary pleasurable anticipation.

This meeting is usually a grand reunion, a gathering of scattered sportsmen who have not met throughout the long winter.

This year, owing to the epidemics of typhoid and diphtheria with which Lincoln is stricken, the gathering promises to be a dismal failure.

Over nine hundred typhoid cases have been reported at Lincoln, nearly 10 per cent. of the cases proving fatal. It is widely known that the water of the city is so seriously under suspicion that no prudent person can be induced to drink a drop of it.

Those responsible for the conduct of the meeting have taken every possible means of reassuring the great army of sportsmen who annually gather on the Carholme for the opening of the season.

### Imported Mineral Waters.

It has been advertised that the mineral waters to be used have been imported from London, and the food has been prepared under conditions which preclude all risks.

But the majority of racecourse habitués are not reassured. It is certain that thousands who make a practice of attending the Lincoln meeting will this year be absentees.

Indeed, the Jockey Club has been blamed for not transferring the fixture to some other racing centre convenient to London.

On behalf of the controlling power it should be said that difficulties almost insuperable existed in the way of pursuing such a course.

If the races were to be run at any other place than Lincoln it would first be necessary to obtain the consent of every one of the hundreds of owners who have nominated horses for the races to be decided.

For this reason alone racing under Jockey Club rules will begin as usual at Lincoln. But the race will be short of all its customary glory.

## WINDOWS BOMBARDED.

Riotous Raunds Bootmakers Savagely Besiege "Blackleg" Workmen.

When daylight dawned at Raunds yesterday it was evident that scarcely one of the houses occupied by "blackleg" workmen had escaped bombardment.

Nearly a thousand infuriated bootmakers and their sympathisers had passed from house to house during the night smashing windows.

The union officials are intensely disheartened by this disorderly display, for the majority of Army boot operatives are non-unionists, and those who have remained "loyal" to the strikers are dependent upon voluntary subscriptions.

While society men get a pound a week, these non-unionists have only received 2s. 6d. and 5s. a week strike pay for single and married men respectively.

Strong police reinforcements have been drafted in, but two more firms yesterday accepted the men's terms.

## £10,000 FOR JEWELS.

Pearl Necklace Fetches £1,350 and Some Drawings by Thackeray £115.

Over £10,000 was obtained at Christie's yesterday afternoon for a collection of jewels from various sources.

A pearl necklace of fifty-three pearls realised £1,350; another, of fifty pearls, the property of a lady of title, £1,220; and a magnificent hand mirror of gold and brilliants, £1,300.

The third day of Sotheby's five-day book sale included Sir Seymour Haden's well-known *Etudes à l'Eau-Forte*, twenty-five large etchings in the original portfolio, which fetched £150.

Nine drawings by Thackeray were sold for £115, and six letters of Lord Nelson for £48 5s.; a ticket for the great Admiral's funeral went for eleven shillings.

## LAUNCHES IN COLLISION.

A launch containing a party of men from the submarine flotilla and another from the King's yacht Osborne came into collision whilst putting off from the King's Stairs, Portsmouth, at midnight on Wednesday.

The boat from the royal yacht cut clean in two the launch from H.M.S. Thames. The occupants of the warship's launch had narrow escapes from drowning.

## LORD GLENESK'S LOSS.

His Heir, Mr. Oliver Borthwick, Dies at the Age of Thirty-two.

A terrible blow has fallen upon Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the "Morning Post." In his seventy-fifth year he has lost his only son. He has now no heir to inherit his title, no son to leave in possession of the great journal whose fortunes he has built up.

The Hon. Oliver Borthwick was only thirty-two, a young man of charming manners and real ability. He took the greatest interest in the affairs of the "Morning Post." He was at the office every day, and nearly every night. No matter how late he left a dance or a reception he would almost always drive to Wellington-street "to see how the paper was going to look next day."

Not long ago he went over to New York to study American methods of journalism. It is true he came back convinced that they would not suit this country, but it showed his determination to know all that could be known about the business which he expected one day to inherit.

Nor must it be thought he had solely business interests. He went out a great deal, and it is no secret that the King much liked his frank, boyish ways. He was a good musician, to be seen constantly at the opera and at the best concerts. He was a sportsman, too, devoted to shooting and fishing. He was popular wherever he went.

It is needless to dwell on Lord Glenesk's devotion to his only son, upon whom he built all his hopes, nor can we intrude on a father's grief more than to offer deep sympathy—the sympathy of those who know what his loss means.

Mr. Borthwick had suffered for a year past from an internal cancer. More than one operation was



The late Hon. OLIVER BORTHWICK.

performed, the last as late as the end of last week. It was under the effects of this that the patient sank and died.

His name Oliver was given to mark his descent, it is said, from Oliver Cromwell.

Lord Glenesk has one daughter, the Countess Bathurst, who is two years older than her brother. It is possible that the barony may be allowed to pass by special remainder to one of her children.

## "FREAKS" DO NOT SELL.

Stock-Pink-Whiteflower Combination Not a Popular Type of Flower.

An extraordinary new flower with the scent of an English pink, the bloom of a stock, and the leaves of a wallflower was displayed yesterday at the Royal Botanic Society's first spring show at Regent's Park.

But such "freaks" do not appeal strongly to the British public. Inquiries at Covent Garden and of the leading West End florists prove that the Englishman loves each flower in its season, and the simplest are the favourites—daffodil, violet, rose, and carnation.

"If I display a new variety of orchid in my window," said one West End florist, "people look at it, and perhaps admire it, but they don't buy it."

"There is little demand for any flower out of season, though people like to get them early. Funerals and weddings are the only occasions on which English people spend money freely on hot-house flowers."

## 'HOW A HORSE KICKS.

A little excursion on natural history was contributed by counsel at Southwark County Court yesterday during an action for damages resulting from a horse kicking a hole in a tricycle cart.

"A horse cannot kick with one leg," he said. "A cow kicks with one leg, but a horse always kicks with both."

Verdict was for the defendant.

## "SPY" IN COURT.

Famous Cartoonist's Trouble with an Omnibus Conductor.

## ARTIST IN THE MUD.

"Spy," of "Vanity Fair"—Mr. Leslie Ward—was the principal attraction at Westminster Police Court yesterday.

The famous artist appeared to support a charge of assault against Arthur Rance, omnibus conductor, and gave an interesting narrative of an encounter he had on an omnibus whilst travelling along the Piccadilly-road to his studio in Bloomsbury-place on the 10th inst.

When Rance was collecting the fares, said Mr. Ward, a lady passenger complained that she had not received her proper change.

When he was spoken to about it, the conductor retorted that he had given it to somebody—it must have been the Mr. Ward's badge number.

In a joking spirit, Mr. Ward asked the man if he had not handed it to the driver.

Nothing more was said until Mr. Ward was about to alight.

"Not being satisfied with defendant's manner," continued "Spy," "I said, 'I don't want any discussion. What is your badge number?'"

"Defendant put his badge under his coat and said he would only show it to a constable."

### "Ordered Off."

Mr. Ward remained on the step with a view to riding until he saw a constable.

The constable ordered him off, and when Mr. Ward and he would pay another fare, the man became defiant. "No, you don't," he said.

The artist was carrying a drawing-board under his arm, and had one hand on the rail. Rance gave him a push—"a very decided push"—causing him to fall in the road and scattering his board and papers in all directions. Mr. Ward said his left arm was injured, and he was still being medically treated. His clothes were covered with mud.

When a police-sergeant arrived the conductor remarked, "I should not have minded, but he has got my money and he is in liquor."

Mr. Ward indignantly denied these accusations, and called Major Evans Gordon, who said the latter suggestion was "monstrous."

Rance's version was that "Spy," attempting to rebound the omnibus whilst it was in motion, slipped and fell into the road.

The case was adjourned.

## FAIR MOTORING CRITICS.

Ladies' Day at Cordingley's Draws a Fashionable and Gaily Dressed Throng.

Ladies' day at Cordingley's motor-car show at the Agricultural Hall, yesterday, attracted a large and daintily gowned assembly.

It was amusing to follow some of the fair critics round the exhibition, and hear some of their remarks.

There are women who drive cars now and are thoroughly competent to look after them as well, but it is astonishing how few can master even the simplest details of machinery, or remember technical names.

One lovely visitor in black, with the very latest fashion in polo hats, talked learnedly about the "nose" of the car and "the thing in front with wheels," meaning the radiator.

Mrs. Cordingley held a reception yesterday for members of the Ladies' Automobile Club.

In the beautifully adorned room tea was served, while a ladies' band played delightfully.

Among those present were Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Lady Cecil Montagu, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, and Mrs. Charles Jarrott.

## MR. MEREDITH AND THE TSAR.

Mr. George Meredith's name appears below a poem of forty-eight lines, called "The Crisis," in yesterday's "Times." It is addressed to the "Spirit of Russia," and is a vivid appeal for earnest, practical, enduring reformation.

Some of the most powerful lines are:—

Not time to raise the avenger's shriek,  
Nor turn to them a Tolstai cheek;  
Nor menace him, the waverer still,  
Man of much heart and little will,  
Of the criminal of his big sea,  
Whose plea of Guiltless judges it,  
For him thy voice shall bring to hand  
Prison, and to thy torn land,  
Seen on the breakers.

It is a "soul" that is needed, says the poet; not "instinct-driven might" or the "visionary erudite."

## NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE G.W.R.

At a meeting of the board of directors, held yesterday afternoon, Mr. Alfred Baldwin, M.P., was unanimously elected chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, in succession to Earl Cawdor.

## LAI'D TO REST.

Lord Anglesey's Funeral Marked by Spartan Simplicity.

In the presence of a few mourners and with a quiet, private ceremony, in marked contrast to the keynote of extravagance that had characterised his life, the remains of the Marquis of Anglesey were buried yesterday afternoon in the little churchyard of Llanfawr, near Anglesey Castle.

Only railway officials and some undertakers' assistants had met the coffin when it arrived in the early morning at Llanfair P.G.—the little countryside station which serves for Anglesey. They handled it respectfully, but without emotion.

No relatives were present, and the only representative of the estate was a clerk, who saw the coffin safely into the hearse which carried it to Llanfawr.

The principal mourners at the afternoon service were the heir to the title and his brother-in-law, Lord Ingestre.

Among the wreaths was one signed "Lily," from the Marchioness of Anglesey, and the dean of the two aunts sent beautiful wreaths. The coffin was of olive-wood, and bore a brass-plate, surmounted by a coronet, bearing deceased's name and age.

Lord Anglesey's will, it is stated, contains some extraordinary provisions. He was constantly altering it. During his illness he kept it under his pillow, and at the last asked that it should be read over to him.

## "A SCRUPULOUS MAN."

Mr. Alexander in a New Part at Yesterday's Rooster Matinee.

The burglar in dress-clothes is not new to the stage. We had him as far back as "The Silver King."

But the burglar whom Mr. George Alexander introduced to us yesterday afternoon, in the rôle of his long and most successful matinee in aid of the Unemployed Fund, does not merely wear the lady novelist calls "faultless evening dress." He is a philosopher with a fresh view of life.

Everybody who is making money is, he argues, taking it from somebody else. He has tried various occupations—commerce, finance, politics, the law. In the end he has found something to offend his scrupulous sense of honesty.

So at last he determines to drop all artifice and to become frankly (though not quite openly, for that, as he quaintly observes, would defeat its own object) a burglar.

He is a man of taste, so he burgles tasteful houses. One early morning he is burgling a flat full of pretty and saleable bric-a-brac, when the owner suddenly appears, having already sent for the police.

Does this disturb our philosophic burglar's equanimity? Not at all. He sits down and tells the story of his life. The owner of the flat is charmed. When the police arrive they are set off by "The Thieves' Tale."

This amusing trifle might be better translated from the French, but it could hardly be more amusingly acted by Mr. Alexander and Mr. Eric Lewis.

## LONDON SCOTS AS PLAYERS.

Romantic Jacobite Drama with Some Realistic Fighting.

The London Scottish Volunteers last night, at the Great Queen-street Theatre, produced the romantic drama, "Prince Charlie," dealing with the Jacobite rising of '45.

The play is vigorous throughout, and in the course of the action there is a very realistic midnight affray.

Private J. A. Bentham, as the Prince, and Miss Mary Allestree, as the devoted and beautiful Flora MacDonald, both looked and acted their parts well. Private Simpson played cleverly as the Prince's attendant.

The dresses and scenery were capital, and the "London Scottish" are to be congratulated.

## FLAT-DWELLERS SUCCEED NUNS.

Devonshire Place House, where the Harley nuns used to dwell, is in process of demolition.

This convent was a very well-known one, and numbered amongst its nuns many ladies of title. It was built on Crown land.

The nuns have gone to a convent which they have built at Harrow-on-the-Hill, whilst the ground where the old convent stood will soon be covered with flats.

## ONE BARRISTER TOO MANY.

During the hearing of a summons at the Brentford Police Court, yesterday, two members of the junior Bar sought to appear on behalf of one defendant.

"I have had twenty-three years' experience in this court, and I have never known such a thing as two junior counsel appearing for one defendant," said the magistrate, in refusing their appeal.



## EXTRAVAGANT WIVES.

Two Courts Decide That Husbands  
Must Pay the Bills.

### JUDGE AND THE LAW.

The old, yet ever new, domestic problem of a husband's liability for his wife's debts was before the Appeal Court and the County Court yesterday, when a company promoter's wife obtained relief from personal liability for bills her husband could not meet, and a poor clerk was ordered to pay the price of his wife's extravagance.

Mrs. Mary Du Bois Holden, when her husband was making a large income, had ordered goods from Messrs. Paquin, the well-known costumiers. She spent £245 in two months. The money was not paid, for Mr. Holden, having got into hopeless financial difficulties, absconded.

Messrs. Paquin wished to make Mrs. Holden personally liable. She had paid previous accounts with her own cheque on money placed to her credit by her husband. But the Court of Appeal decided yesterday that she had acted as her husband's agent and was not liable.

A salary of 50s a week and a wife who had run up £200 in debts in his name was the sad story Walter Stuart Read, a Post Office clerk, told to Judge Edge, at the Clerkenwell County Court, when he was sued yesterday by a draper for £3 12s. 9d., balance of drapery goods supplied to his wife.

"Why should wives be given so much credit without husbands being consulted?" complained the defendant. "The one thing I have to fight against is the credit my wife gets. She has an absolute mania for running into debt."

Judge Edge: If you will start an agitation to get the House of Commons to alter the law no one will be more pleased than myself. I am afraid that drapers are too much in the habit of trusting women without making proper inquiries. If plaintiff trusts your wife again after this you will not be held responsible.

An order was made for payment of 10s. per month.

### "CINDERELLA" SUES.

Pantomime Actress Gives Amusing Evidence  
of a Week's Tour.

With "Cinderella" on tour for a week, and although a principal asked to become a chorus girl, and dismissed on her refusal, Miss Violet Russell was annoyed. As a result she sued Mr. Clayton, the manager of the company, for five weeks' salary and 8s. travelling expenses back to London in the Bow County Court yesterday.

She had been in the profession since childhood, she said in reply to counsel, and he replied gaily, "I am afraid I must not ask you how long ago that was."

When her photograph was produced she said it was supposed to be a good one. "It is my own hair," she added, "and not a wig. If I put the same dress on you could easily recognise it. It was taken at Brixton, where there are cultured audiences."

Miss Russell admitted she had trouble with the "Prince" because "she" would not take her cue. When she played with Lord George Sanger, she had no trouble. He was a "dear old fellow—one of the best."

Eventually judgment was given for Miss Russell for £6 8s. 6d.

### "UNCLE JOE'S" DAMAGES.

In November, 1902, Messrs. Hulton, Manchester newspaper proprietors, commented strongly in a leader on the conduct of Mr. Joseph Worsley, called "Uncle Joe," in a divorce case in which he was cited as correspondent.

Subsequently, in a new trial, the "decree nisi" was rescinded, and Mr. Worsley was awarded £2,500 for libel from Messrs. Hulton.

An appeal by the latter to the High Court was dismissed yesterday.

A pure  
unadulterated  
food.

ONE CUP of  
**PLASMON**  
Cocoa

contains more Nutrient than 1 lb.  
Beef, or ten cups of ordinary  
Cocoa, and is free from  
chemicals.

Aids Digestion.  
Braces the Nerves.

## JUDGE AS CRITIC OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

Mr. Justice Darling's Wit Illumines the Subject of the  
Comic Babu and "Bombay Ducks."

The humorous possibilities of musical comedy were surely never fully realised until yesterday, when Mr. Justice Darling, ably seconded by counsel, kept King's Bench Court V. shaking its sides with laughter—with intervals to regain its breath—for the whole of the judicial day.

If one may respectfully say so, his Lordship was appearing in a combination of two musical comedies, "The Hanjiahn, or Lotus-girl," by Captain Frederick John Fraser, an officer of the Indian Army, and "The Cingalee," by Mr. J. T. Tanner, the gentleman who has been so successfully associated with many of Mr. George Edwardes's productions.

The reason why the two plays found themselves simultaneously in King's Bench Court V. was that Captain Fraser has accused Mr. Edwardes of infringing his copyright, and has alleged that Mr. Tanner built up "The Cingalee" on ideas derived from a perusal of "The Hanjiahn," a play that was returned to the captain, and never achieved the honour of presentation—until yesterday in court.

Not a "Stage Carpenter."

Captain Fraser himself told the Court from the witness-box how alike he considers the two plays are.

Listening to him were most of the stars of the musical-comedy world. Mr. George Edwardes sat with his Gaiety and Daly's condutors at the solicitors' table. At the back of the court were Mr. Huxley Wright, Mr. Haydon Coffin, and many other ladies and gentlemen of equal fame. Representing a rival branch of dramatic art was Mr. Pinner.

The captain went fully into his negotiations with Mr. Edwardes, and described how the great lord of musical comedy had told him, in referring to Mr. Tanner, that he wanted a stage-carpenter to assist in shaping "The Hanjiahn" for acting purposes.

Mr. Justice Darling: Is Mr. Tanner a stage-carpenter. (Laughter.)

Baby's Caste Marks.

His Lordship was assured to the contrary. What Mr. Edwardes had meant was that Mr. Tanner would make suggestions for alterations. (More very loud laughter.)

During his comparative analysis of "The Hanjiahn" and "The Cingalee," Captain Fraser drew the Court's attention to the fact that in the process of adaptation Mr. Tanner had fallen into the error of making a Ceylon half-caste girl possess a "Caste mark." The Cashmere baby, in his own play, had a mark.

This reminded the Judge of a mark incident in another play, where a gentleman had been identified by the fact that he did not have a strawberry mark on his arm. He was told "you have no strawberry mark, so you must be the man." (Loud laughter.)

One of those exquisite jokes that once made musical comedy so popular was quoted in court.

### 25-YEAR-OLD BILL.

Decision Given Yesterday Over an Account  
Rendered a Quarter of a Century Ago.

A remarkable suit by Messrs. Turner and Sons, solicitors, against a Mr. Willis, a retired musician-dealer, which involved a bill of costs which was rendered almost a quarter of a century after the debt was incurred, was decided by his Honour Judge Bucon in the Whitechapel County Court yesterday.

Messrs. Turner and Sons had executed legal work for the defendant during a period extending from 1881 to 1895, and no bill of costs was rendered until August 23, 1900.

At the first trial of the case, which was sent down from the Divisional Court, it was stated by Mr. Turner, the surviving partner, that his late father and the defendant had agreed that the bill of £50 0s. 9d. should be reduced to £35, defendant agreeing to wipe out a small indebtedness for a violin and some music, which Mr. Turner, senior, owed him.

In giving judgment for the plaintiff, his Honour said, on the documentary evidence, it was impossible to believe that the agreement to pay £35 had not been arrived at on the occasion of the interview.

### SCHOOLMASTER'S WIFE IN DISGRACE.

Mrs. Louisa Lacey pleaded piteously not to be sent to a home when she was sentenced at B-eniford Police Court yesterday to fourteen days' imprisonment for sleeping out.

She was stated to be the wife of a well-known schoolmaster, and to be in receipt of a private income. She had been frequently convicted for drunkenness.

Somebody in the dialogue said to somebody else, "Sell yourself, old chumney; sell your back-hair, old Bombay duck."

"Bombay duck is something good to eat, is it not?" inquired the Judge.

"It is dried fish, my lord," explained Captain Fraser.

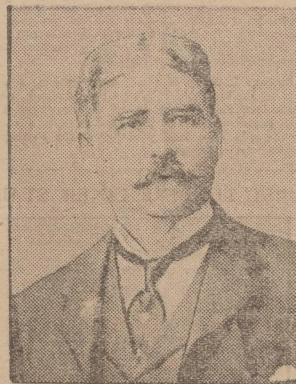
The Judge had been examining the "scenarios" of the two musical comedies when a twinkle in his eye announced that he had come upon a choice morsel. In the description of a comic babu in Captain Fraser's play occurred the words, "He is partly educated and has been called to the Bar."

This information the Judge imparted with immense enjoyment to the barristers present.

Mr. Eldon Bankes, K.C., counsel for the captain, was on his feet, and it was to Mr. Bankes that the bar looked to acknowledge the compliment.

"It is a part for a low comedian, my lord," said the K.C., rising to the occasion.

After this the Judge caused more "loud laughter" by supplying the information that Mr. Rut-



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

land Barrington had six wives when he played in the "Geisha," and then his Lordship paid another compliment—this time to playwrights, many of whom were in court.

"There was an old Portuguese," he said, "who lived 900 years ago, and wrote over so many comedies and tragedies, and ever since, it is said, playwrights have been living on him." (Prolonged laughter.)

Turning to Mr. Isaacs, K.C., who is connected by marriage with a playwright, the Judge added: "I except, of course, 'The Walls of Jericho.'"

The Judge's last gem before the Court adjourned was the ingeniously delivered question, "Why are not musical comedies written by machinery?"

### PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHY.

How a Plucky American Turned a Misfortune  
to Good Account.

Through the genius of a crippled American photographer, Mr. J. E. Gross, of Chicago, a revolution is being made in the art of advertising.

Taking up photography after an accident which crippled him, he began to apply it to advertisement purposes, and his artistic designs are now all the rage in America.

He has come over to England and has received orders from many firms to design suitable photographic poster advertisements for them.

He has won two First Prizes at the Photographic Exhibition now being held at Fairs Court. Two of his photographs are reproduced on pages 8 and 9.

### PENNY RING FOR 50s.

Calling at a house at Willesden Green a man named Harry Johnson induced Alice Weinert, a servant, to buy a "gold" ring for fifty shillings, paying five shillings down and five shillings a month.

The ring—solid brass, set with glass—was worth a penny.

At Willesden yesterday Johnson was committed for trial.

### MAN THE GALLOWES REFUSED.

The case of John Lee, who three times survived the hangman's attempt to execute him for the murder at Babbacombe twenty years ago, is to be raised in the House by Mr. Fenwick, M.P., who will urge the Home Secretary to order this man's release from prison.

## BELLICOSE CAPTAIN.

Spion Kop Veteran Loses a Case and  
Attacks a Solicitor.

Possibly thinking that he was back again at Spion Kop, Captain Walter Victor Simmonds Lynn, the respondent in the divorce case that has been before the President of the Divorce Division for some days, gave a somewhat unfortunately-timed exhibition of his martial ardour yesterday.

He had had a verdict given against him in the suit, the jury finding that his wife's charges were proved, and when judgment was being entered he had made a loud remark in court about his mother-in-law.

"You had better leave the court," said the President soothingly. Accordingly out of the court the captain went, the fire of battle in his eye.

In the corridor fate brought it about that he ran across a foe. Mr. Stephenson, the solicitor who had acted for Mrs. Lynn, was passing along. The captain raised his arm and smote the solicitor on the back of the neck.

Mr. Dill, one of Mrs. Lynn's counsel, afterwards brought this feat of arms to the notice of the Court, holding that the blow came into the category of "contempt."

"You must bring the matter before me in the usual way," said the President, "if your client thinks it worth while."

### DROWNED IN HIS BATH.

Sad Death of the Head of a Great Firm  
of Solicitors.

Strange and tragic were the circumstances, as revealed at the inquest yesterday at Paddington, of the death of Mr. John Morris, head of the firm of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co., one of the best-known firms of solicitors, in London, and one of the founders of the National Telephone Company.

Alarmed at the long time that he stayed in his bath, a warm one, on Tuesday morning, Mrs. Morris went to the room, and there found him lying apparently unconscious under the water.

She let the water off, summoned assistance, and sent for a doctor. But all to no purpose. Mr. Morris was dead.

Apparently he had fainted, and, slipping back into the water, had been asphyxiated.

The jury returned a verdict of Death by Misadventure.

### "B.A." MAKES A GENTLEMAN.

Mystic Letters of More Use to a Prisoner  
Than to Mr. Plowden.

"I am an unfortunate poet," said Henry Bucknell, a West Indian native, trying to hand a batch of papers to the Press box, "and the world is to know me from here."

He had been charged on remand at Marylebone yesterday with defrauding Louisa Feast, a Camden-road boarding-house keeper.

"I took him to be a gentleman because he wrote B.A. after his name," said the prosecutor.

Mr. Plowden: B.A. makes a gentleman, does it? Well, you really deserve to be cheated for being so silly and credulous. (To the prisoner): B.A. has been more useful to you than me, (Laughter.)

A Police-sergeant: There are twenty-nine similar cases against Bucknell.

Mr. Plowden: Mostly B.A.s, I suppose. (Laughter.)

Bucknell was committed for trial.

### SET FIRE TO THE BABY.

"Mamma, I have dropped matches on baby, and she's all alight."

Affrighted Mrs. Stock, of the Hackney-road, rushed upstairs to find her two-year-old baby in flames.

A little four-year-old girl told the coroner at Bethnal Green yesterday how she "took a box of matches and set fire to Alice." "I struck the match on the box," she said.

Accidental Death was the verdict.

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THE WORLD-FAMED  
BLOOD PURIFIER

is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all  
impurities from whatever cause arising.  
In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy,  
Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils,  
Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout and  
all Skin and Blood Diseases, its  
effects are marvellous. Thousands of testi-  
monials of wonderful cures from all parts  
of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 3/6 per Bottle.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



## TAINTED GOLD.

American Ministers Do Not Want Gifts from Mr. Rockefeller.

## HIS ENORMOUS CHARITIES.

At a public meeting at Boston Congregational ministers of many Eastern States have protested against religious institutions accepting contributions from Mr. Rockefeller, the "richest man on earth."

And this, too, in spite of the fact that he is ostensibly one of the most religious men in America.

Exactly what his wealth is he does not know himself. A New York banker recently calculated that £200,000,000 is the colossal sum amassed by him in thirty years. His private income is said to be close on £5,000,000 a year, and the wealth of the great corporation he controls is sufficient to permit an annual investment of £8,000,000 in various enterprises. The total capital he controls is about £400,000,000.

Seven other men, besides himself and his son, are millionaires through their connection with the great Rockefeller combination.

### Charity Manager at £2,000 a Year.

Every year he gives £2,000,000 in charity, and maintains a regular "business" devoted to that object alone. His charity manager is paid £2,000 a year and controls a large staff.

Every moment of his life is devoted to money-making and Church work. He has not a single other interest.

His son, John D. Rockefeller, jun., also many times a millionaire, spends all his time working and preaching in a Sunday-school, of which he is the founder. His father frequently helps.

The father writes pamphlets for the scholars, in one of which he says: "I believe it a religious duty to get all the money you can, fairly and honestly; to keep all you can; and give away all you can."

It is the "fairly and honestly" which the ministers say Mr. Rockefeller neglects to observe. They say his combination is "steeped in iniquity and corruption."

### Has Never Entered a Theatre.

Three hundred pounds would cover his personal expenses for a year. He has never been inside a theatre or on a racetrack; his meals are the simplest possible, for he is a confirmed dyspeptic—a mere wreck of what he was when poor.

Recently, after a dinner-party at his house, he asked several millionaire guests what they had paid for a game that was about to be played. They all said 1s. 3d.

The billionaire chuckled as he told them he had bought it for 9d., but it had taken him three days to get it at that price.

## CURIOSITIES OF GENEALOGY.

Marriage 250 Years Ago Between Ancestors of Mr. Chamberlain and His Wife.

Front entries in the vestry-book and register at St. Lawrence, Jewry, the rector, the Rev. J. Stephen Barras, has concluded that Mr. J. Chamberlain is not correct in thinking that his first traceable ancestor was a maltster, who came to London with only about 2s. 6d. in his pocket.

There is reason to believe, says the "Daily News," that the forbears of the ex-Colonial Secretary go back to the earliest times of the City of London, and one of them probably held office as Chamberlain to the King.

One of the most remarkable is the record of a marriage in 1651 of "George Chamberlyne" to Ann Saltonstall, daughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall, of South Ockendon, Essex.

Mr. Lothrop Withington, the well-known genealogist, has pointed out that the Saltonstalls were connected closely with the family of Governor Endicott, who went out to Massachusetts Bay in 1628, in the reign of Charles I., and whose direct descendant is Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain of to-day.

Little did Mr. Chamberlain guess when he married Miss Endicott that 250 years ago one of his family had married one of hers at the parish church of St. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and Mr. Austen Chamberlain have visited the church and inspected the old registers with the greatest interest.

"The Over-Seas "Daily Mail," with its complete reports of the latest home news, is the best weekly message that the Britain abroad can receive from the Old Country.

This unique Empire journal is sent for 62 weeks, postage included, to any postal address on receipt of 5s. by the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

Specimen copy forwarded on application.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

"It was want of wit," replied a girl-wife plaintiff at Belfast yesterday, in an assault case against her husband, answering a question as to whether she married the man for love or for his money.

A motor-barge of fifty tons, driven by a 30-h.p. engine, is being made for the Leeds and Liverpool Canal Company.

By falling on a milk pudding placed on the floor to cool Henry Bellis, a two-year-old baby, was killed at Hoole, Cheshire.

In Free Church circles, said Dr. Clifford to an interviewer yesterday, the old antagonist to the theatre has to a great extent disappeared.

In the hearing of a rate summons against Thomas Wilcocks, at Heywood, Lancs, it was stated that the defendant owed his rates for twenty years.

Miss Eliza Robinson, of Crossgar, Co. Down, left part of her fortune to be used for supplying sittings to the industrious poor of the parish in Christ Church, Kilmore.

That parents should exercise more supervision over their children on washing days, was the dictum of the coroner at Winsford, Somerset, at an inquest on a three-year-old girl, who was drowned in a wash-tub.

"It is on Friday nights that the Cardiganshire people go courting," said the plaintiff in a case at Abercynon. A witness in the same case referred to the "foolish fashion of tapping windows and courting in the kitchen all night."

Richard Langley Mitchell, aged sixteen, a student at Huddersfield Higher Grade College, conducts devotional services during the dinner interval at a Primitive Methodist School. He is already on the rolls as a local preacher in the Primitive Methodist Connexion.

A Cardiff ship's officer, now home on holiday, says he was astonished to find that one of the curiosities in the Zoological Gardens at Rosario, Argentina, was a donkey from South Wales.

A smallpox epidemic among school-children at Heywood, Lancs, has resulted in eight deaths this week.

A bank deposit receipt for £55 10s. was found in the scapular wound round the neck by Bridget Belton, an inmate of Tuam (Ireland) Workhouse, who has just died.

On three youths being charged with stealing scrap-iron, their parents and two sisters all wept copiously in the court at Preston, and the prosecutor himself was moved to tears.

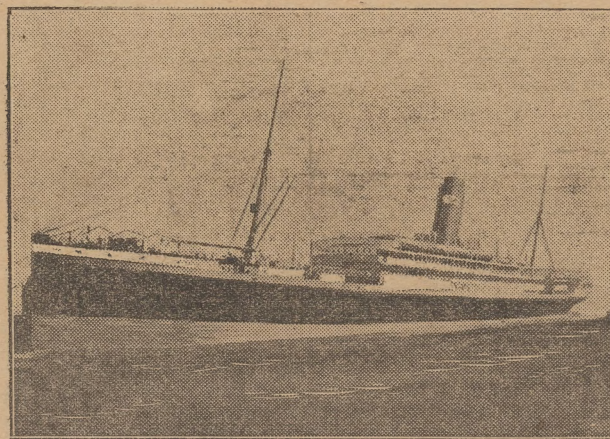
"The selfishness of the local railway company" towards Llangollen Parish Council is the reason assigned for the inauguration of a service of motor-omnibuses between Llangollen and Oswestry.

"Suggestively akin to omniscience," is the comment made by the Rev. David Davies, of Brighton, on Mr. Evan Roberts's "energy in reading thoughts, and in searching the hidden secrets of individual lives."

Because the date on which the official's appointment would commence was omitted from the advertisement for a nuisance inspector for the Abram (Lancashire) District Council, the Local Government Board refused to ratify the successful candidate's appointment.

While Mr. P. Hearn, of Gray's-inn-road, was in Messrs. Cook's and Son's, Ludgate-circus, his valuable horse and buggy, worth about £350, left in charge of a strange boy, vanished. It was traced to Ludgate-hill, when two men were seen in it. After that all trace was lost.

## FIRST TURBINE LINER STARTS ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.



Yesterday the Allan steamship Victorian, the first Atlantic liner to be fitted with turbine engines, started on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic.

The record price of £700 has just been paid for a Lancashire collie puppy by a dog fancier in America.

A bankrupt at Barrow pleaded that his insolvency was due to a recent judgment for £100 damages against him in a breach of promise action.

Annie Holden, of Blackburn, a weaver, committed suicide by sucking the heads of matches. This is the second case of the kind within a week.

Darkly hinting that he was a member of an "arson federation," and that many farm fires had been arranged for, William Rowell was committed for trial at the Leeds Assizes yesterday on a charge of stack-burning.

The sum of £14,000 has been paid by the Royal Physician, Sir John Williams, Bart., M.D., for the Peniarth collection of Welsh manuscripts. The collection is to be handed over to the Welsh National Library.

Anti-motorists at Lindfield, Sussex, who claimed protection for the children, have been met by a counter-claim that motorists should be protected from the children. It is suggested that the rules of the road should be made a school subject.

For an unflinching supply of fresh food in time of war, Dr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton, of Brighton, recommends the development of fresh-water fish farms. Except for sport the fresh-water fisheries of the United Kingdom have become practically extinct.

The pastor of a Nonconformist chapel in North Wales, on the occasion of the funeral of one of the most respected of his congregation, who was buried according to the rites of the Church of England, refused to enter the parish church with the mourners.

The London County Council will issue a guide to the Thames in connection with their new service of passenger steamers.

Miss Thomas, daughter of the Rev. J. D. Thomas, has accepted a call to the assistant ministry of the Congregational Church at Leek.

On a public building in Pilgrim-street, Newcastle, are the words "Labour Bureau Department." The local Press ridiculed this as being equivalent to "Labour Department Department."

The Great Western Railway Company intimate that they have no connection with the "Great Western Umbrella Depot," of 83, Regent-street, W., which advertises railway lost property for sale.

The West Derby Guardians have decided that the best fish comes from Grimsby, one member stoutly maintaining, however, that the cod caught in Liverpool Bay and round the Isle of Man was unequalled.

A Bill to restore to ratepayers their old right to inspect books and documents of local education authorities has been brought into the House of Commons by a private member. The Education Act of 1903 deprived them of this right.

A little triumph for English art has been won by Mrs. Katie Toyce Harris, of London, whose design for the gold medal for the Venice Exhibition has been accepted by a commission of Italian artists. Mrs. Harris has been awarded a prize of 3,000 francs.

A man more than seventy years old, who was found wandering in Mansfield-road, Nottingham, said he believed his name was Shaw, but had no idea where he lived. He was well-dressed, and had £20 in his possession. The police are taking care of him.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### JAPANESE PRISONERS AT MUKDEN.

There is a particular interest attaching to the photograph showing Japanese prisoners being marched through the streets of Mukden, which is reproduced on page 8, for it gives evidence of one of the few Russian successes, and, which was so quickly followed by an overwhelming disaster. The leaders of the two hundred Japanese whom the Russians captured at Heikentai seem, judging from their expressions, to be no whif cast down, but rather to have a cheery confidence in the ultimate triumph of their cause.

A vivid contrast to this Russian success appears on page 9, where the terrors of the flight from Mukden, during which the Russians were forced to abandon ammunition and baggage-wagons, are graphically depicted.

### FATAL MOTOR ACCIDENT.

The tremendous force with which a motor-car dashed into the fence bordering the road on Rye Hill, Sussex, is shown by our photograph on page 9. It was a party of men returning home from a smoking-concert at Rye, and one of them was killed outright and four others seriously injured, the fence being shattered for many yards by the glancing collision.

### NEW TURBINE LINER.

Yesterday's departure of the Victorian, the 12,000-ton Allan Line steamer, on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Canada, marks a new departure, for she is the first liner fitted with turbines to cross the Atlantic. The Victorian is a magnificently-equipped boat, carrying 1,500 passengers, and fitted with all the latest improvements, including a Marconi telegraph station and a printing plant for the production of a newspaper during the voyage. A photograph of the Victorian is reproduced on this page.

### FOR LOVE OF ART.

Millionaire's Daughter Renounces Riches To Win Real Triumph on the Stage.

Renouncing all her wealth, Miss Gladys Montague, of San Francisco, daughter of a millionaire of the Western States, has determined to win fame as a dancer entirely on her own merits.

So remarkable were her talents and grace of motion that she went on the stage, succeeded in America, and then went to Paris to complete her education.

She refused many tempting offers from managers there, but on reaching London was induced to accept an engagement, placing herself under the management of Mr. J. W. Neil.

### WORD TO THE WISE.

Second Edition of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia" Ready To-morrow.

The extraordinary demand for the first fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia," which resulted in the entire edition being sold within an hour of its publication, emphasises the necessity for ordering the fortnightly parts in advance.

The only way to make sure of obtaining it is to place an order at once with the newsagent for its regular delivery. Those who omit to take this precaution run a very real risk of missing the greatest book bargain ever offered to the public.

The second large edition of the first instalment is now in rapid preparation, and it is anticipated that it will be on sale throughout the country to-morrow.

It should be remembered that sevenpence per fortnight—one halfpenny per day—secures the most complete and up-to-date encyclopædia in existence.

The thousands of disappointed ones of Tuesday can procure Part I.

THE

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ENCYCLOPEDIA**

To-morrow IF the order is placed to-day. Better order the 40 Parts

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1905

THE NEMESIS OF POWER.

IN his latest speech, which we report this morning, the German Emperor has been talking about his dream of "a German World-Empire, an Empire which shall be regarded as a quiet, honest, and peaceable neighbour."

It is, indeed, a dream. It is a confused attempt to reconcile things which are by nature contrary. Empires never can be looked upon as "quiet, honest, and peaceable neighbours," any more than a man who has made himself rich by taking away the property of others will ever be regarded as a worthy and estimable fellow by other men.

We Britons think it hard that other nations should be so prejudiced against our Empire. But just recollect how the British Empire became great. It increased its size and its power by the process of swallowing up territories which other people wanted. How can we expect those people to look upon us as quiet, and honest, and peaceable neighbours?

It is the Nemesis (possibly the just Nemesis) of all who become especially rich and powerful—whether nations or individuals—to be accused of every sort of crime. The enormously wealthy Mr. Rockefeller is finding this out just now in America, where a number of clergymen have publicly protested against his gifts to foreign missions being accepted. The Germans will find it out if ever they get together anything worth calling an Empire.

You cannot both become great at the expense of your fellow-creatures and also have them regard you as a desirable neighbour. That is asking for your bread to be buttered on both sides. The countries and the persons who are considered "quiet, honest, and peaceable" are those who make no stir in the world. If that is the Kaiser's ideal, Germany ought to emulate Switzerland rather than Britain.

MARRIED WOMEN'S BILLS.

Rather an astonishing decision was given by the Court of Appeal yesterday.

A married woman was sued by a big West End firm of dressmakers for the price of goods supplied to her. It was shown that in three previous transactions with this firm she had paid them with her own (not her husband's) cheques. On the fourth occasion she referred them to her husband, and said she had merely acted as "his agent" in ordering the goods.

In the King's Bench Division the dressmakers got a verdict, but the Court of Appeal has reversed this, and, unless the firm takes the case to the House of Lords, it will lose its money, the husband in question being, it is understood, "quite unable to settle the bill."

These "married women" cases are a subject of perpetual perplexity. The best plan, of course, would be for tradesmen not to give any large credit to married women at all unless they signed papers declaring their own personal liability. That is what we shall come to in a great many cases if this decision is allowed to stand.

It is clearly unfair both to husbands and to shopkeepers that wives should be permitted by the law to run up bills to any extent, and should not be forced by the law to meet their obligations. In fact, it is time the laws governing the whole question of married women's responsibility for debt should be revised.

This is a particularly flagrant case, in view of the previous payments by the wife out of her own bank account. The whole community is interested in getting the matter put on a more settled and reasonable basis, for the less security dressmakers and such people have, the more they are obliged to put up their prices, in order to safeguard themselves against probable losses.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

That man is not himself blessed with a very happy temper who is unable to endure the cross-grained people with whom the world abounds. In the business of life copper coins as well as gold pieces are necessary.—La Bruyere.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS is actually the eighth time that the Earl of Leven and Melville has been appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and the fact shows how popular he and Lady Leven are in Scotland. Lord Leven has occasionally entered into argument, however, with the canny Scot. For example, Edinburgh was very much annoyed with him two or three years ago because he advised the King not to go into residence at Holyrood Palace, and refused to go himself, the drains not being irreproachable. Lord Leven defended himself by saying that he only received £2,000 a year as High Commissioner, and could not undertake to face typhoid for that.

Why will people be so careless as to leave bags containing much money and many valuable jewels in railway trains? Lady Wynford, who has just lost both money and jewels through doing that, is the wife of the sixth Baron, whose family name is Best. There have been four Lord Wynfords since 1893, which might seem to show that the Best family is short-lived. That is not so, however.

favourite sport and forget that such places as law courts and theatres exist.

Lady Hayter's evening parties are always great social events, and the one she gave in her fine Grosvenor-square house last night was very well attended. Lady Hayter is the daughter of the late Captain Adrian Hope, who built a still more magnificent house than her own in his time, the house which is now occupied by the Athenaeum Club. Sir Arthur and Lady Hayter have plenty of means with which to entertain as sumptuously and as often as they like. His maternal grandfather was one of the original members of Lloyd's, and left an enormous fortune. His own mother left him a quarter of a million, too. He has a beautifully situated house near Tintagel, on the Cornish coast, which was left to Lady Hayter by Douglas Cook, who edited the "Saturday Review" in its "palmy" days.

Our best congratulations to Mr. J. M. Swan, the well-known painter of tigers and lions and all exotic beasts, on his election as a Royal Academician. Mr. Swan has studied wild animals more devotedly, I should think, than any other living artist. He has studied them so long, indeed, that he himself has taken on a distinctly leonine appearance. His rather unkempt hair and

"anything in the world," she says, "for some magnificent head notes," which might have led her to grand opera, but which even the best teaching cannot supply.

Everything that Mr. George Meredith, our "Hero as Man of Letters," writes or says is interesting, and yesterday everybody was quoting the eloquent appeal to the Spirit of Russia which he contributed to the "Times." Perhaps the finest passage is the one in which he speaks of the Tsar as—

the waverer still,  
That thou art of the rabble rout,  
The criminal of his high seat,  
Whose plea of Guiltless judges it.

And one can well imagine the soul of a Russian being roused by the entreaty to shake off those who—

Take thee for quaking flesh; midoubt  
That thou art of the rabble rout,  
Which cries and flees, with whimpering lip,  
From reckless gun and brutal whip.

Mr. Meredith, I am told, is anxious now to be regarded rather as a poet than as a novelist. Perhaps, indeed, the future will give him the praise of both achievements. Meanwhile he himself is as interested in the world's doings, and as full of mental energy, as ever. Only his physical infirmities grow upon him, and he is able no longer to take the long walks into the country round Box Hill which gave him his chief delight and consolation of old. He is very philosophical about that, however. "Some men," he says, "give way first in their heads. I have given way in my legs."

Mr. Meredith's children are a source of the greatest interest to him. His son, Mr. William Meredith, who is a publisher, and associated with the firm of Archibald Constable, is married to a clever musician whose "musical allegory," "The Pilgrim's Way," is to be produced at the Court Theatre on Monday. Mrs. William Meredith often stays with her father-in-law at Box Hill. Not long ago she spent the convalescence after a long illness there, and every day used to take a drive in a donkey-cart along the road. It was interesting to see Mr. Meredith's interest in the selection of a suitable donkey from the crowd brought up from the village for inspection every morning.

One of the most popular of Labour Leaders is Mr. Abraham, M.P., who is to be presented with the Welsh national testimonial to-morrow. He is popular with the people partly because he makes no secret of the fact that he is one of them. For a long time, in fact, he worked as a miner in Wales. He speaks Welsh perfectly, and is now in real sense as a conductor of Eisteddfods and other Welsh gatherings with impossible names. Often he leads the singing himself, for he has a Welshman's love of music. He is a widower. His wife, to whom he was devoted, died about five years ago.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Kokovtsov, Russian Finance Minister.

HE is obviously a "live" man. If he had not been he would not have suggested that the editor of the "Times" should go and see for himself what Russia's store of money amounted to.

He has another great qualification for his post. He has full confidence in his country's resources. He is rather a contrast to the average Russian nobleman—he is of high rank himself—in that he is essentially a hard worker. He started in the prison departments, and studied the prison systems of foreign countries on the spot. Many excellent reforms followed when he returned.

Then financial matters claimed him, and he made quite a name. During the last ten years, however, he has not been much heard of, for he was working under De Witte and was eclipsed.

The time was spent in busily carrying out a number of inquiries into agricultural matters which promised much for Russia a year or more ago.

In appearance he is a fine-looking man, famous for his piercing eyes. His neat, grey beard is closely cropped at the sides and carefully spread out upon his chin. His hair, which grows a long way back from his forehead, nowadays is brushed straight back without a parting. The face is a kindly one, too.

He holds one of the most difficult positions in Russia at the present moment, and it is well for his country that he is comparatively modern in character.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 23.—It is a curious fact that although attention may be lavished on a plant, it will die. Yet the same plant will often do well in an odd corner, or even on a rubbish heap!

Seedlings are often found springing up on paths, and they generally thrive there. I have several primroses now in full bloom at the edge of a gravel walk.

Today the bulbs appeared on the "dog-tooth" violets. These flowers, in spite of their ugly name (which refers to the shape of their roots), are very lovely. Indeed, they look like tropical plants, whose proper place is the greenhouse. E. F. T.

THE FOX THAT ALWAYS GETS AWAY.

(Mr. Balfour's plan of leaving the fiscal question open, instead of making it a party issue, has once more dashed the hopes of the Opposition.)



HUNTSMAN "C.B.": Whenever we hunt him, he gets away into his "earth," and he's far too clever to be dug out. I reckon we shall have to give up hope of a "kill" this season, and hunt him again next.

ever, for the first Baron was eighty when he died. He was Sir William Draper Best, a great lawyer and a most amusing man. He made many enemies, it is said, by his caustic manner of summing-up. Perhaps Chitty, the compiler of law-dictionaries, was one, for he entered Sir William's name thus: "Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind—!" Then you turn to see about this great mind of Mr. Justice Best and you find that he had "a great mind to empty the court" on a certain occasion!

Mr. E. F. Spence, one of the counsel engaged in "The Cingales" case (in opposition to Mr. George Edwards), is specially qualified to take part in theatrical actions, seeing that he is no other than the "E. F. S." whose dramatic criticisms are read with so much interest in the "Westminster Gazette." There are few men in London who work harder. He has a large practice at the Bar. All day he is either in court or at his chambers. Then, whenever there is a first-night, he hurries off to the theatre, and as soon as the piece is over he has to set to work on his article about it.

This he does with the help of his wife, a charming and delightfully witty Frenchwoman, to whom he dictates in the small hours of the morning till his ink is finished. Mr. Spence is one of the few people who can dictate just as good "copy" as they can write. Naturally a man who works so hard wants holidays whenever he can get them. What Mr. Spence does is to go off fishing in some quiet spot where he can spend all day at his

bushy beard suggest an affinity between himself and his models. He places his splendid leopards and panthers, spotted and striped, in their natural surroundings—in great forests, or drinking at lonely pools, and he goes where he most often studies them is the more prosaic Zoo.

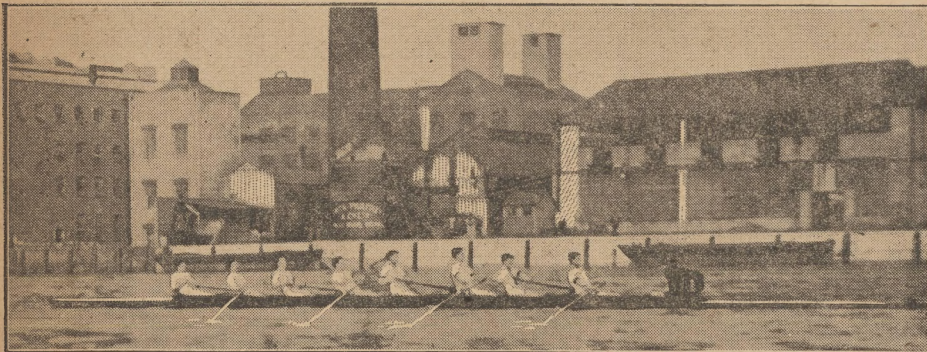
Mr. Swan lives in St. John's Wood, quite close to the Zoo, and may be seen wandering in that open-air studio amongst the animals almost every morning of the year. He has never been to study them in India; he thinks that would be useless. An artist cannot get to close quarters with creatures that have such amazing appetites, and lions will not consent to "sit" in the open. At the same time, Mr. Swan thinks that certain of his friends at the Zoo appreciate his efforts, and he tells the story of the young American girl who, after painting a lion, threw it a rose she was wearing, and was astonished to see the beast gently pick up the flower and gaze at her with the greatest affection and gratitude!

Another recruit, following upon Miss Ethel Irving, from musical comedy to the "legitimate" drama, is Miss Kate Cutler, who is to appear with Mr. Tree in "A Man's Shadow," at His Majesty's to-morrow. Miss Cutler has only been seen once before, I think, in a play without music, and that was in "A Woman's Reason," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, when she played Miss Maud Millett's part for a little while. She has a soul above musical comedy, however, and would have given



# "MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS PRACTISING FOR THE GREAT RACE.



The Oxford crew, who during their practice rowed over the full course in the splendid time of 19min. 42sec., hard at work preparing for the race.



The Light Blues showed fine watermanship during a two minutes' sprint at thirty-five strokes to the minute.

## CAPTURED JAPANESE BEING MARCHED INTO MUKDEN.



Before the Russians were beaten in the great battle of Mukden they captured 200 Japanese in the fighting at Hei-ken-tai. This photograph shows the Japanese prisoners being marched through the streets of Mukden.

## TO-MORROW'S



At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Mr. Allan Daly, barrister-at-law, will be married to Leslie-Melville.

## ART AND THE CAMERA—STUDY



Newsboys of Chicago initiating three beginning a specimen of the splendid work done by a can, who, in spite of his being a cripple and blind, years ago, is now one of the foremost.



# THROUGH MIRROR LENSES

## "ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH."



The business methods of Mr. John Rockefeller, the richest man in America, have been severely condemned by a meeting of Congregational ministers, who have protested against his gift of £20,000 being accepted by the American Board of Foreign Missions.

widow of the late Mr. Alexander Brodrick

## A CELEBRATED AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHER.



Mr. Gross has been particularly successful in his studies of boy life. Among the eight hundred photographs and drawings which he has brought over from America this is one of his favourite studies. It is now being shown at Earl's Court Photographic Exhibition.

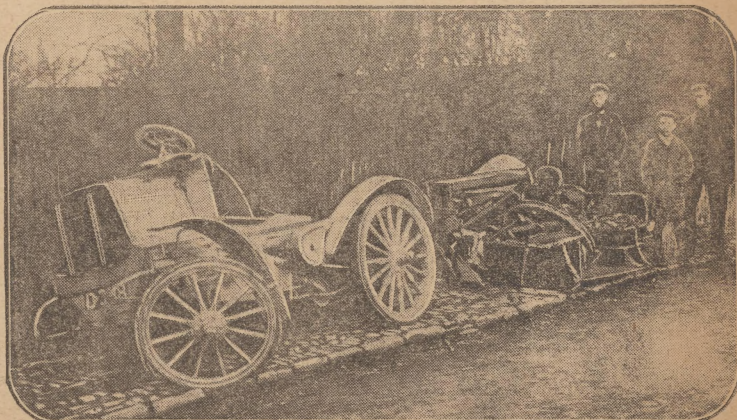
aternity. This photograph Gross, the American, took with a camera until three in the world.

## HARD PRESSED BY THE JAPANESE.



A typical scene during the defeated Russian army's flight. Hard pressed by the Japanese, the Russians one by one abandoned hundreds of supply and ammunition wagons.

## FATAL MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT AT RYE HILL.



One man was killed and four seriously injured through this motor-car dashing into the fence by the roadside while descending Rye Hill. The wrecked state of the car shows the terrific force of the collision.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.



BUSY PEOPLE

who have no time to read LONG BOOKS can yet snatch a few minutes each day to watch the interesting progress of the characters in "SOULS ADRIFT."

SOULS ADRIFT.

What'er of earth is formed to earth returns: the soul alone, that particle divine, escapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.—SOMERVILLE.

Our New Serial Story.

CHAPTER I.  
The First Telegram.

"It's horrible—horrible! How can Robert ever expect to sell such pictures?"

Cecilia Lidiard gave a faint shiver, then stared with fascinated eyes at the picture her husband was painting.

It was a strange, almost cruel piece of work, fierce and strong in subject. A man and a woman, violently lovers, stood locked in each other's arms; he was kissing his companion's warm, white cheek, forgetful of everything but the exquisite bliss of the moment; but the woman's expression was full of frenzied terror; she had suddenly perceived a man crouching behind a half-opened door, man so much in the shadow that little could be seen of his form or face; his attitude was that of an animal about to spring, and his eyes glittered with almost demoniacal rage.

Robert Lidiard, who named his picture "Tracked," and it was full of passion and tragedy; it cried out "murder."

Cecilia Lidiard sighed wistfully, then moved slowly away from the canvas.

"Why should Robert always dwell upon the sinfulness of things?" she muttered, "and paint human nature at its worst? Is it because I have become so hard for him—so bitter, so self-dissatisfied? She flung herself wearily down on a sofa, resting her head against a pile of cushions. She was very tired and hopelessly dispirited; the grey wolf was howling loudly in her ears, the future appeared hopeless and impossible, for when would Robert Lidiard succeed in selling a picture; and unless he sold a picture how were he and his wife to live?"

Cecilia closed her eyes. She was curiously like an early Italian saint, and had all the delicate charm of one of Lorenzo di Credi's Madonnas. She was slim and tall, bore herself with placid grace, had long, beautifully-shaped arms and hands; her face was slightly pointed and very delicate. Her deep-blue eyes were singularly pure and soft. She had an air of exquisite fineness was the colour of ripe corn. She wore it simply parted to each side of her face, and crowned with a heavy plait. This quaint medieval style of dressing suited her.

"Cecilia! Cecilia!"

The young woman started up from her reclining position as her husband's voice broke upon her ears. There was a new, a strange, note in it—a note of passionate, triumphant joy.

What could have happened? Only a few moments ago Robert Lidiard had rushed out of the studio to answer the loud imperative rap of a telegraph boy, vowing there was nothing before him but the workhouse, and now he was crying out as a conqueror, his voice resonant and passionate, filled the little Chelsea house.

"What has happened, Robert?" she called out. "Come up and tell me."

She waited with palpitating heart till her husband dashed into the room. Then, as his eyes lighted on him, she realised the fact. Success, success at last! His face was full of flaming triumph—his eyes glittered, he laughed wildly, almost recklessly.

"Look up, Cecilia, smile, rejoice—be anything, my dear, but calm, for to-day is my day of days. At last, at last I have triumphed!"

The man poured the words out in short, broken sentences; he could hardly be coherent. All at once he made a step towards Cecilia and kissed her passionately, almost roughly, upon her lips, then pushed her excitedly away from him.

"No more grey days," he cried, "no more despair! Success has come at last. Yes, Cecilia, at last the world has begun to realise that there is a master, a genius, in their midst—one whom they have hitherto despised—but one who has now begun to lay claim to his kingdom."

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A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Two years later, in the first days of a glorious English spring, Joan Tempest and Billy Charteris stood together on the bow of a Surrey hulk.

Before them rose a vast structure of red brick and white stone. It was beautiful, even in its newness, with many wings stretching in all directions, and enclosing cloistered quadrangles, and its twisted chimneys rose in picturesque masses into the pale clear sky.

All around them were beautiful grounds, with aged oaks, shady walks, and acres of flower gardens, and, beyond, a great stretch of park land, and beyond that again, swelling meadow lands on all sides, and, running through the whole domain, a peaceful river, on whose banks already the daffodils were beginning to nod.

This was the realisation of Joan's chiefest dream, the cherished scheme on which she had already, with the consent of her trustees, spent a very large sum out of her enormous inheritance. The site was of Billy's choosing, an old and cultivated domain, that happened to be on the market. The great mass of buildings was new, and his artist's eye had approved the design. It was a palace and a school and a hospital and a convalescent home all in one, and, above all, it was to be a home for the little slum-dwellers who were to be brought here, crippled and sick, or merely neglected and underfed, brought in their thousands.

And this was the first monument raised to the memory of Anthony Heron.

The girl had many other schemes, but this was the one nearest to her heart. And now it was approaching completion; the finishing touches were already being put, and before the hot days of summer the first batch of little inmates would arrive.

"I owe all this to you, Billy," the girl said, as she stood contemplating the almost-finished work. "I don't know what I should have done without your help and advice—yours and Lady Betty's."

She had not altered in these two years. Her face was as white, as grave, and her eyes were as blue, and her smile as radiant, though tinged with a new and still greater gravity; because she had now, in the long years of suffering since she had been trying to relieve it.

"It's been the most interesting thing I've ever done, Jo," the young man answered, with a smile. He, too, was unchanged, as frank and jolly as ever, and utterly to be relied on.

They had been staying in the neighbourhood for a long time now. They had taken a house—Joan and Lady Betty together—and Billy had been with them nearly the whole time.

Lady Betty had sent for him immediately Vanna had left the south of France. She had told him—nothing, but as much as she could, in a few sympathetic words. He had understood, and he had not asked a single question, but told Lady Betty in plain, manly words, that he loved Joan and would wait for her all his life, and, if she would never marry him, he would be her friend and devote his whole life to her service.

They heard occasionally from Vanna. She had been travelling, moving restlessly ever since; she had seen the whole world, and Joan, who every day grew in understanding, prayed every day that her mother might find peace. But Vanna said nothing about coming to England in her letters.

A silence had fallen upon the young people. Each was looking absently at the vast edifice in which all their energies had been centred for the last two years.

Presently Joan spoke again.

"Yes, Billy," she said, "it is to you I owe most, for, with all the other people, except Lady Betty, there was some interest, something to be gained; but with you it was pure goodness."

"It was a labour of love," the young man said quietly, and then his voice gained in depth, as he went on: "Ah, Jo, I want to say something to you. I want to do so badly. If it weren't for all this history, I should have said it long ago."

For one moment a shadow crossed the girl's face; then she smiled at him.

"Oh, Billy," she said very gently, "what is there that you could want to say to me that the money could affect? You know, surely, that it is nothing to me, that I am only trying to do good with it. I want to spend it all. I don't want any of it for myself."

(Continued on page 11.)



## Our New Serial Story.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW,

Authors of "The Shulamite" (Weekly Dispatch), "The Marriage Trap" (Daily Mail), "The Premier's Daughter" (Daily Mirror).

(Continued from page 10.)

and some tender touch of sentiment had made her put it on to-night.

Robert was waiting for her outside the door, his eyes aflame like those of a bridegroom.

"Madonna, how lovely! A creditable wife, and worthy of Robert Lidiard!" Then he bestowed theatrical kisses upon her lips, her cheeks, her hands, and finally drew her with him to the studio.

A table spread for supper filled the centre of the room and provided a bounteous feast of colour, for earlier in the afternoon Cecilia had bought roses lavishly, and had almost covered the table with them. Flowers sacred to love and passion—roses—immortalised by East and West. In the centre of the table reared up a tall beaker of Bohemian glass brimming with champagne, and facing the beaker was a little poison phial.

"Death—I salute thee!" laughed Robert Lidiard sardonically. He filled up a glass of the brimming wine as he spoke, and drank his toast to the flask of poison; then, amused by the horror in Cecilia's eyes, he took her face between his two hands and gazed at it intently and devouringly.

"Am I not justified in mocking the little white phial?" he asked softly; "for it has mocked at us for more than three weary weeks."

Almost as he spoke the door opened and Montague Stone entered the room; his face betrayed deep emotion; he was very white, and had the look of one who brings bad tidings. He held a newspaper in his hand, clutched it in tight grip.

"You have come to tell us bad news," murmured Cecilia, moving swiftly forward. "Oh! . . . oh! there has been a mistake!"

Her husband grasped her fiercely by the arm.

"Don't be so foolish, Cecilia," he exclaimed savagely. "It isn't possible that there can be a mistake."

Montague Stone glanced at the man pitifully, forgiving him his harshness towards Cecilia; then he held out an evening paper.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake," said Cecilia, "but I am sure it is only a mistake. Basil Thorn must have got hold of a groundless rumour and sent a premature telegram. The winner of the gold medal is just announced. He is a Frenchman. . . . Robert, take the news like a man. Don't stare at me like that!"

Montague Stone spoke in tones of absolute horror, startled and dismayed by the appalling look which had come over the other man's face.

Robert Lidiard appeared to be glancing straight into hell. Then, as Montague addressed him, he burst into a peal of hoarse and terrible laughter.

"How do you expect me to look, Montague? Am I to greet the news you have brought with a smile? Betrayed! . . . Cheated! . . . Mocked at more bitterly by fate than ever man was before!"

"Courage, dearest, courage," sobbed Cecilia. She caressed her husband's icy hand, pressing it against her soft white cheek.

Robert Lidiard glanced at the girl with a curious smile.

"Yes, with me, courage, Cecilia," he said in low tones, "and wish yourself courage, too. Courage is the one friend who can help us now."

"I'll come round to-morrow," murmured Montague awkwardly; "then we will try and take a more hopeful view of the future. Everything looks black just now, but to-morrow may bring a brighter dawn." He moved to the door as he spoke, feeling that in all probability Robert and his wife would be alone. He was as reticent of intruding on their sorrow as he had been of intruding on their joy.

Cecilia looked wistfully after him, and felt a strong impulse to call him back; but her husband laid a restraining hand upon her arm.

"No, let him go," murmured Robert Lidiard huskily. "No one can help us now, Cecilia, but ourselves."

The girl turned and swept her eyes over the table spread so lavishly for a feast which had

turned to ashes. The red roses and the amber wine sickened her.

Robert Lidiard thrust his hand out and seized the little white phial, then he held it in front of Cecilia.

"Tell me," he said, "have you forgotten what I told you a few hours ago? Did I not say what we must do if the picture failed? Well, the picture has failed."

Cecilia's heart stood still with terror, then she flung her arms round her husband and bent his head down to her warm breast.

"Dear, what does it matter?" she murmured. "We have each other—we are rich in each other's love."

"And bankrupt of everything else," exclaimed the man bitterly. "At least, I am. You might yet go back to the warm nest you fled from. Your uncle and aunt would be glad to see you, I expect; even forgive you for having married a genius. Why don't you go back to them and desert me?" He asked the question savagely.

"Leave you?" exclaimed Cecilia. "Oh, no, no!" She clung to her husband passionately, feeling an intense pity.

"Then, if you won't desert me," he exclaimed, "and I never thought for one second that you would, for you are my own chattel, let us escape!"

As the man spoke he poured out two glasses of champagne.

Then, with shaking hand, he divided the contents of the phial—a half in each.

"No," murmured Cecilia, half hypnotised by the madman's will; then she raised her face imploringly to her husband's. "But we are young," she murmured, "and luck may yet change, and life is so wonderfully precious and sweet."

"Not a beggar's life," cried the man fiercely. "Believe me, Cecilia, I am acting for the best. I have tried my hardest and I have failed. The world is full of fools, and the wise man knows when to accept defeat." He picked up one of the glasses as he spoke and handed it to Cecilia.

"Come, Madonna," he whispered, "drink together . . . die together. . . . You won't fail me."

The man trembled, great beads of sweat rolled down his forehead; but Cecilia appeared like a frozen statue. All the colour had deserted her face, her teeth were clenched, her fingers clasped the wineglass rigidly.

"To death!" muttered the man with a wild, unearthly laugh. He lifted his glass high, then turned his burning eyes upon his wife.

Cecilia, obeying unconsciously, lifted the crystal goblet, raised it to her lips, then paused. Her mouth stiffened and refused to open.

"Drink!" commanded the man, in a hoarse whisper, fierce and imperative. "Follow me!" He drained his glass.

Cecilia tried once more to open her lips—tried to force herself to admit the fatal draught; but her muscles had turned to stone. She stood up rigid, immovable, a statue of frozen dismay.

She could not drink.

Try as she would, strain her uttermost, her clenched lips still refused to open, her body defied her will.

"Drink!" gasped the doomed man hoarsely. He clutched with trembling fingers at the table, and this sudden convulsive movement broke the cataleptic spell under which Cecilia laboured.

She gave a shrill cry; all her horror of death intensified in full force; she felt an overwhelming desire to live, and the wineglass slipped from her fingers to crash in a thousand fragments on the floor.

Robert Lidiard fixed horror-filled, accusing eyes on his wife, then quick, convulsive shudders began to distort the man's face. He, too, yearned for life now, and too late—and he hated the woman who had chosen the better part—hated her selfishly and

(Continued on page 13.)

# SANDOW'S SYMMETRION.

BEAUTY FOR THE MILLION.

"A perfect figure" will be the ejaculation of every reader of the *Daily Mirror* on looking at the photograph on this page. And every woman can attain equal physical perfection by the use of Sandow's Symmetrion. Sandow has many achievements to his credit, but none greater than the wonderful results of the Symmetrion.

## Perfect Physical

The Symmetrion magic. In fact, achieved by its credible, and the fact that Sandow girl of the age, impossible, accompanying from a photo-nom mere er-artist's fancy, an isolated in-what the metrion has accomplished in the development of perfect physical beauty. Hundreds of women have used it with similar results, and can testify to its marvellous possibilities. It is one of those necessities of life that advertises itself, and no more striking testimony to its immense popularity with women could be had than the *fact* it created at Messrs. Whiteley's during last and this week. The demand was enormous, and hundreds of Symmetrions were sold. Women grown tired of experimenting with various kinds of beauty treatments have awakened to the fact that the real secret of beauty lies in the employment of Nature's laws, and that the Symmetrion enables them to utilise these laws to the utmost advantage.

## Cultivate Beauty.

A woman without beauty is like a business man without capital. It is the duty, therefore, of every woman to cultivate attractiveness. The woman who neglects to do so must be as much a failure in society as the pecuniarily embarrassed business man is in commerce. Beauty, real, lasting, healthy beauty can only be obtained in one way. That is by natural means such as are employed in the use of the Symmetrion. Eugen Sandow is no novice in the study of the human body, and he has designed the Symmetrion specially to suit the requirements of women. Every movement has been thought out with infinite care, and nothing is left to chance.

## What the Symmetrion Does.

Just think of what the Symmetrion accomplishes. It ensures, in the first instance, that important essential to a pleasing appearance—a clear, healthy complexion, because it

worn without uncomfortable or unhealthy pressure. The whole figure is moulded into a series of pleasing curves, and the gait and carriage are improved. In the case of young and growing girls the Symmetrion is especially valuable, assisting the figure to develop on healthy and beautiful lines.

## Woman's True Friend.

There comes a time in the life of every woman, however, when she looks into her mirror with anxious eyes, watching pathetically for the first sign of the approach of life's twilight. It is a critical moment, and there is a great temptation to fly to false remedies. For women who have reached this period of life there can be no better friend than the Symmetrion. It will put back the hands of the clock, and give them a new lease of life. It will quickly smooth out the wrinkles, and whether the advance of age makes itself apparent in a disposition to corpulency or a tendency to lose flesh, it can be employed with equal success.

## The Symmetrion's Adaptability.

For it must be borne in mind that the use of the Symmetrion does not consist of a series of general movements. It can, as a matter of fact, be adapted to suit each individual case. That is one of the chief causes both of its success and its popularity. For instance; one woman may have all her attractiveness marred by a "double-chin," and another by the appearance of the much-dreaded "salt-cellsars." Diametrically opposed as are these disadvantages, the Symmetrion can be adapted to remove either. No two women are alike in temperament and habits, and the Symmetrion has been so devised that it can be suited to the individual requirement. Wherever weakness is, the Symmetrion reaches and removes it.

## Health and Beauty for 12s. 6d.

The Symmetrion has many good points to recommend it. It is easily fixed up and easily removed. It necessitates no change in the ordinary habits of life or in one's diet. When not in use it can be packed away in a neat and artistic little box that makes a dainty boudoir ornament. But what, perhaps, will appeal most of all to a woman's mind is the fact that the whole apparatus only costs 12s. 6d.—a trifling outlay surely to ensure such marvellous results. It is having a phenomenal sale at present, and no woman who wishes to be abreast of the times can afford to be without it. All first-rate drapers stock it.

## A Book Worth Reading.

An interesting little book entitled "Beauty by Natural Means" has been issued by Eugen Sandow, and it contains a full description of the Symmetrion, with many charming illustrations of it in operation. It can be obtained gratis and post free by every reader of the *Daily Mirror* who cares to write for it. All letters should be addressed to the Sandow Co., 17, Basinghall-street, London, E.C., the only publication



"THE SANDOW GIRL," a Perfect Type of Beauty.

promotes a vigorous circulation of the blood. It nourishes the skin, and leads to the formation of firm, healthy flesh, thus abolishing ugly lines and wrinkles. It is a deadly enemy to scragginess, and develops shapely arms, shoulders, and busts. The neck is beautifully rounded and strengthened, so that it poises the head gracefully. The chest is deepened and the waist measurement reduced, so that smaller-sized corsets may be

being that all applicants shall mention the name of this paper.

The famous Mrs. Kendal writes of it, "I must congratulate you on the Symmetrion. I can most confidently recommend it to all women. It teaches the correct carriage of the head, makes walking a pleasure, keeps the back flat and straight, and in many ways a boon to women. I should be more than selfish to keep this experience to myself."

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

"Of course, I know," he said. "But I am so afraid. Oh, Joan—I feel I must speak now. I want you to give me the right to be with you always, to help you—I want you to be my wife."

For a moment there was a silence. The girl was gazing straight in front of her at the moment that she had raised to the memory of the man to whom she had given the first, the deepest, passion of her life. Then she turned to the other man at her side.

"Billy," she said, and her voice was very low, "I do want someone like you, someone true and good and fearless to be with me always, to help me, and to do the things that I am not strong enough to do. And, if you will have me, I will be your wife."

Her eyes looked into his, clearly and steadily, with a great affection and a great trust. And he, who knew that she gave the best that she had to give, thanked God, and took her gently into his arms.

And that very day they received a letter from

Vanna, saying that she was in Paris and wanted to see them.

They went over at once, Joan and Lady Betty, and Billy as well.

They found Vanna at the Ritz Hotel, and she was the old Vanna of the Paris days. She was hard and bored, and magnificently dressed, and more beautiful than she had ever been.

She had truly made her mark to fit so perfectly that no one would ever guess that she wore one.

She congratulated the young people, and clasped Joan in her arms with real affection, and said she was glad that her daughter was going to marry Billy, who was everything that was dear and good, and she was glad that the Home for Slum Children was nearly finished, and she would certainly come to the opening; but it was not until she was alone with Lady Betty that she said:—

"I have some news for you, Lady Betty, out of all the rest, there is one thing that remains, and that is my passion for the good things of this world. I am going to marry Prince Ataxine. I have refused him three times," she added, with a cold little laugh, "but I accepted him yesterday."

THE END.



## Pen Portraits

**YOU  
THIS TIME**

### GOOD LOOKS GONE!

You have parted company with good looks; those pimples and blotches—that sallowness of the skin—that unhealthy pallor—denote the presence of gross humours in the blood. It's too late to enquire how the poison got there; the one thing is to get it out. Such impurities in the vital current are a standing menace to health and a promise of coming disaster. You must get your blood pure before you can get your healthy looks and healthy feelings back again. You may try twenty remedies and fail, but if you try Dr. Scott's Emulsion and Liver Pills you'll touch the mischief first time and be on the road to health when you have swallowed the first dose. The pills can do for you what they are doing for thousands of others. If they had failed to do what is claimed for them they wouldn't have been growing in popularity these many years. They aid digestion, promote assimilation, stimulate the bowels, impart tone to all the organs, and eradicate all effete products and poisonous humours from the blood—in a word they mean a clear skin, a bright eye, a brisk step and all the exhilarating accompaniment of good health. All chemists sell them at 1/3 & 2/9. They are done up in green packages so that you may be quite sure you are getting the genuine Dr. Scott's Emulsion and Liver Pills. No others are just like them.

**Dr. Scott's  
PILLS**

## HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.

### GREAT BARGAINS FOR EASTER FURNISHING.

#### CALL AT ONCE.

We will Store Purchases for you for Six Months Free if you wish.

| Worth.     | Per month. |
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# PROSPECTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN AS TYPISTS AND SHORTHAND WRITERS.

## THE MONEY-MAKERS.

### PRACTICAL CHARACTERISTICS FITTED WITH WORK.

Aunt Tryphena and the girls were quite obsessed, to use a word that seems fashionable now (an ugly one, I think), with their gardening scheme, which Aunt Tryphena described to me at length in a letter published in this paper, and I confess I pictured the dears sowing their seeds and busy in general in the garden at home with something like longing to be away from London, now that spring time is here, and in the midst of awakening nature at dear old Mudford. But I had chosen to carve my way for myself, and therefore set about my task with as light a heart as I could bring to it.

In conversation with Mrs. Shaw, the kindly matron of the home in which I lived, I learned that temperament should have a great deal to say to the choice of a calling, particularly where women are concerned. Men are naturally strong-minded enough to be able to attack work that does not exactly suit their tastes, but unless a woman is heart and soul in her calling she will not pursue it with any satisfaction to herself. To the majority of them it is hard enough to have to work at all, but when the work is not congenial the task becomes ten times more heavy than it should be.

### Shorthand and Typewriting.

It was when we were talking of the calling of shorthand and typewriting that Mrs. Shaw made this new aspect of the case clear to me. She told me that the girl who is naturally of a practical turn of mind is certain to achieve far more success as a typist and shorthand writer than one who is of a dreamy, poetical, and artistic disposition, to whom the cut-and-dried methods of this form of employment will not appeal in the least.

Then it should be remembered that this profession should not be the refuge for such girls as cannot find employment elsewhere. Many aspirants to good posts find a difficulty in obtaining them because they are not properly educated, cannot spell, are quite at a loss when a foreign word appears, and so forth; the supply market is flooded with aspirants for employment such as these. First of all, then, a sound education must be the possession of the would-be shorthand writer and typist. It need not have been so expensive and comprehensive a one as the governors of to-day must have had, but it must be a thoroughly good, all-round one.

The groundwork of typing can be learnt in six weeks at a cost of about two guineas. During this

period perfection will not have been achieved, but practice will bring it to that happy condition, and make the typist complete mistress of the various requirements of manuscript transcription also—such as law work, play typing, and other variations of the ordinary kind of secretarial work.

The learning of shorthand is a far more lengthy affair. As to whether it will be achieved in six or twelve months depends, of course, on the time given to the study of it and to the intelligence of the pupil. Lessons can be obtained at various places. The most moderate cost about 10s. a term. When the pupil is able to take down correctly

because they think that the market is flooded with workers. This certainly is the case, but not with efficient ones, for whom there are openings by the dozen. The pity of it is that so many of them have to be filled up by girls who are not fitted to



A charming dressing for the hair, showing two rolls above the brow.

The side parting is modish again, with the hair tossed to the left in a high puff.

something like one hundred words a minute she may consider herself sufficiently well advanced as an expert to seek ordinary secretarial work.

Many girls who are well-fitted to adorn the post of secretary or clerk are deterred from entering it

take them up because of the lack of others who are capable of doing so, but have not been trained for the work.

(To be continued.)

### MR. EUGEN SANDOW'S NEW BOOK.

We have received from Mr. Eugen Sandow, 17, Basinghall-street, London, a copy of his new illus-

trated book on the cure of illnesses by natural means, and any of our readers wishing for a copy can obtain same free by writing to the publication department at above address.

## A HAPPY CHANCE.

### Result of Change to a Good Food.

How often we spend pounds in money and invaluable time, seeking a restoration of health from the hospital or seaside, when at our very hand, and be procured in a moment, is a simple, inexpensive thing, which will give us the relief we seek.

We refer to Grape-Nuts, a scientific food, prepared with skill and great care. Its inventor had in mind the fact that the digestive organs rendered weak by illness are often unable to properly assimilate ordinary food and must have assistance.

Part of this work of digestion, that is, the part which seems to be the most difficult viz., the changing of the starch, is best done before the food is eaten.

Thousands, even those apparently in good health, find this work of digestion of the starch in bread, potatoes, etc., difficult, and to these, as well as invalids, the food, Grape-Nuts, is most welcome.

In this food the starch of the wheat and barley (of which it is made) is changed, in the manufacture, into a form of sugar, and this is just the change that all starch must go through in the human system in order to make it a food. Besides, Grape-Nuts holds some most important phosphates, which are the food for the delicate tissues of the brain and nerves, and also material for the bones, teeth, etc.

The writer of the following letter, who lives in Cirencester, Glos., found relief, by the use of this food, which hospitals and change of scene could not give her:

"It gives me pleasure to tell of the marvellous benefit I have derived from the use of your Grape-Nuts. Last February I was suffering from an excessive weakness, which compelled me to get medical advice. My doctor urged me to go into the hospital, where I was a patient for six weeks. At the end of that time, being no better, he suggested a change by the seaside. I was there a fortnight at a convalescent home, which certainly made a little improvement on my health, but nothing permanent.

"I came home, and a friend of mine persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts. This I have done up to the end of five weeks, and am perfectly satisfied with the result they have given me, for I often failed to digest my food, had sleepless nights, and could not walk very far without feeling tired.

"Now I can thoroughly enjoy my food, get sound sleep, and walk with ease and comfort.

"My friends attribute these improvements to the constant use of your valuable food, and I shall have every confidence and pleasure in recommending it to others."

There's a reason.

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

## SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

feared. "Betrayed—and you have escaped. You let me die! You wanted me to die—to be rid of me—to be free. Murderess! Murderess!"

He shrieked out the last words with a sudden access of strength, and the wild cry rang through the room, and down the street, so distinctly that people stopped and listened and wondered.

"Murderess! Murderess!" another terrible spasm distorted the man's face, then he lurched forward and fell, a crumpled-up heap, at Cecilia's feet.

For a long time she was as one paralysed, half unconscious. Then strength and light returned, but all was still. She bent down and touched his forehead. It was cold and clammy.

"Alone!" she moaned. "Oh, my God, dead, dead!"

## CHAPTER III.

### Cruel to the Last.

An appalling sense of remorse came over the woman as she gazed down at her husband. She felt as if she had bought her life at the price of his death, and she repeated in dull, slow tones his cruel words.

"Murderess! Murderess!" The girl had been so used to sacrifice herself to Robert's caprices, to obey him implicitly in all things, that she could hardly realise that for once she had acted independently. She felt as if she had been guilty of appalling cowardliness, colossal selfishness. She had allowed Robert to go out into the darkness—alone.

She knelt down by the man's side and gazed at his colourless face, then started back with a low cry of consternation. All that was evil, mean, and cruel in Robert Lidiard's nature seemed to betray itself now in his set countenance, and of a sudden the knowledge came to Cecilia that she had given her love unworthily. Scales fell from her eyes as she gazed at the despoiled ecstasies, the man whose very passion for her had only been a form of exotic selfishness.

Cecilia shivered and covered her face with her hands, then she rose to her feet with a sudden start of terror, for she heard a loud tapping at the street door. She remembered that the little servant had gone out; and she and the dead man were alone in the house.

She stood up, pressing one hand to her heaving

breast, her eyes dilating with fear. Who was knocking so loudly—who demanded entrance? She was dazed with terror and dismay.

The knocks redoubled in violence, they rained upon the door, and Cecilia fancied she could hear the sound of many voices in the street. A whole troop of people seemed to be awaiting admittance.

She glanced down at her husband, and remembered with a sickly terror that he had died calling her "murderess." Had his wild cry been heard? Were the avengers already upon the track? Would they judge her as harshly as she judged herself?

The knocking on the door increased in violence, the voices grew louder, and the insistent pained fearful havoc with the girl's overstrained nerves. She determined, with a desperate rush of courage, to let those to whom she sought admission, and to accept whatever fate chose to send.

Without a glance behind her Cecilia ran out of the studio, and made her feet fly downstairs. The hall was all in darkness, for no one had remembered to light the lamp; but the wretched girl was thankful for the gloom. She heard a voice outside crying, "Open, Lidiard, open, we have grand news for you."

She unshaped the door with trembling fingers, screening herself behind it as she opened it. A crowd of men and women poured in, artist friends of the Lidiards, an excited, voluble gesticulating crew, who had come round to congratulate a comrade, and to exult over a finely won triumph, or so it seemed from their speech.

No one noticed the pale woman crouching behind the door. In the darkness Cecilia was mistaken for her own servant. She felt absolutely bewildered first of all, then she realised that an amazing thing had happened. Her husband had really sold the picture and won the medal. Basil Thorn's telegram had been right, wholly correct. Montague Stone was foremost amongst those who flocked in, and he was explaining in shrill, excited tones to a companion that the first edition of an evening paper had given the wrong name to the winner of the gold medal—a mistake which had since been ratified. So Robert Lidiard had won the medal—and flung away his life in vain.

The irony of the whole thing was too much for Cecilia—the pitiful and terrible irony. Upstairs in the studio lay a dead man; a man who had killed himself at the shrine of his own vanity; a man not strong enough to endure seeming defeat; and here on the stairs, hurrying up to congratulate and to praise him, were a band of merry, light-hearted men and women.

What would they say when they entered the studio and saw the table spread for the feast, and the man who had drunk deep of bitter wine? Would they turn on the wife who had played the

coward and denounce her as her husband had denounced her?

A fierce, unreasoning terror of her kind came on Cecilia—a terror of the laughing men and women who were trapping their way upstairs. An impulse impossible to withstand or control dominated her—the imperative impulse towards flight.

She caught up a cloak and seized her own soft straw hat from its knob on the hatstand in the hall, then ran desperately out into the darkness.

Meanwhile the men and women who had tramped so merrily into Robert Lidiard's studio were standing aghast round the crumpled heap on the floor.

"Was it murder? Was it suicide? And where was the man's wife. Where was Cecilia?"

Those were the questions the startled merry-makers asked themselves breathlessly, gazing at each other with white horror-stricken faces.

One man remembered he had heard a cry, and the cry held a sinister meaning now.

After a while the horrified party deserted the studio, streaming out to fetch a doctor and the police and to scatter the news of what had happened abroad, leaving Montague Stone alone with the dead man.

The portrait painter knelt down by Robert Lidiard's side and glanced at him with a peculiar expression crossing his own face.

"Can I be sorry?" he muttered in low tones, "for the death of this conceited egotist when it sets Cecilia free—beautiful, patient Cecilia. Oh, you never loved her—you never loved her," he went on fiercely, addressing himself to the dead man. "You treated her as a Sultan treats his slave. But now—Cecilia is free, free to be loved—free to be wooed. Cecilia—but where is Cecilia?"

A sudden idea seemed to dart across Montague Stone's brain; he awoke to a new anxiety.

"Robert! Robert!" he cried, seemingly forgetful that he was addressing a dead man. "Where's Cecilia? What have you done with her?"

Then a curious thing happened. It seemed as if the fierce fervour of Montague Stone's cry had summoned back a straying soul, a soul still hovering over its earthly tenement. For as Montague addressed Robert Lidiard the latter's heavy eyelids gave a faint, convulsive flicker, and a heavy sigh parted the livid lips.

"He's alive—he's alive!" cried Montague. Then as he bent over the other a terrible temptation visited the man who adored Cecilia Lidiard, a longing to crush out the little spark of life that lingered in her husband's body, a temptation which Montague Stone strove against and overcame. Yet his voice was full of intolerable bitterness as he murmured to himself in horror-stricken tones, "There is life in Robert Lidiard yet."

(To be continued.)

## BRIDGLAND'S

VALUE IN TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

£1 Is Complete, Lined Throughout. Marvellous Value.

CALL OR WRITE FOR PATTERNS. SENT FREE. FIFTH SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

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## LINCOLN HANDICAP

## FAVOURITE SCRATCHED.

## Withdrawal of Hackler's Pride

## From the First Big Handicap

## Creates a Sensation.

## RACING AT PORTSMOUTH PARK.

There had been for some time sinister rumours with regard to Hackler's Pride, but the announcement of her scratching yesterday caused a sensation among all interested in the Lincolnshire Handicap. The mare has never been an exception to the rule that racers of her sex are never at their best in winter or spring, but so recently has the market been rigid that Hackler's Pride held prime favouritism in the betting.

One meets men who say this, that, and the other thing, by way of explanation of the withdrawal of Hackler's Pride from the race, but the fact is patent that the betting returned day by day from the leading clubs is unsubstantial and very misleading. It is mainly a will-o'-the-wisp to the public, and warnings are continually given, but without avail, both by owners and sporting writers.

The Lincolnshire Handicap was the only spring event for which the daughter of Hackler-Comma was entered.

Ypsilanti can now represent Fallon's stable, and the American-bred horse, already a winner of two Great Jubilee stakes, has been put over the rails, by winning with 9st. 5lb., a weight, by her, he carried successfully at Kempton Park.

Beautiful weather on the south coast brought another fine gathering to Portsmouth Park for the concluding stage of the steeplechase meeting. The sport was interesting, but of very moderate class. No better handicap could have been made than that for the Chichester Steeplechase, wherein occurred a splendid struggle between Amythyst, Bell Sound, and Monotype. It was trick and tie between the trio till the run-in, when Amythyst outstayed the others. Orlington, the surprising winner of the Devonshire Handicap, fell. Bowdrip pulled up after going about a mile, and Lord of the Level fell lame.

It is a long time since Florida won the Northamptonshire Stakes, and her victory in the South-Western Hurdle was very unexpected. Mr. Bulter, the rider of Plum Pecker, was nearly put over the rails, and the stewards, having investigated his complaint, severely cautioned another jockey, who had either foully or heedlessly caused an imminent risk of danger.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

## LINGFIELD PARK.

- 2.0-March Hurdle-KILGLASS.  
3.0-Triumphal Steeplechase-FUNCHAL.  
3.30-March Hurdle-CORUNNA.  
4.0-Blackburn Steeplechase-FELL BOWDRIP.  
4.30-Welcome Steeplechase-CENTRE BOARD.

## HAYDOCK PARK.

- 2.0-Golborne Hurdle-CHRISTIAN DE WET.  
3.30-March Steeplechase-SEISDON PRINCE.  
2.0-County Hurdle-MARY ANTHONY.  
4.30-Lyme Park Steeplechase-THROCDONK.  
4.0-Sellias Flat Race-FACE-CASTLE.  
2.30-Friday Hurdle-CALTELEFIN.

## SPECIAL SELECTION.

CHRISTIAN DE WET. GREY FRIARS.

## PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT PORTSMOUTH PARK.

## 1.15-DRAYTON SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.

Two miles. 8 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-PREOCIOUS, aged, 12st 4lb. Matthews 6 to 1 6 to 1  
2-MATCHBOARD, 5yrs, 11st 6lb. Anthony 5-1 11-2  
3-FREE BREEZE, aged, 11st 9lb. Matthews 4-1 4-1  
(Winner trained by McNeve.)

## 1.50-CHICHESTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.

Two miles. 9 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-AMITYHEP, 5yrs, 11st 7lb. Dunn 7-4 7-4  
2-BELL SOUND, aged, 11st 7lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
3-MONOTYPE, aged, 11st 12lb. Dunn 10-1 10-1  
(Winner trained by Thirlwell.)

## 2.0-PAREHAM SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.

Three miles. 9 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-THE BUN, aged, 10st 10lb. Dunn 7-2 7-2  
2-DIDN'T KNOW, aged, 10st 10lb. Dunn 7-2 7-2  
3-BUCK UP, aged, 11st 6lb. Dunn 8-10 8-10  
(Winner trained privately.)

## 2.55-SOUTH-WESTERN HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.

Two miles. 10 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-FLORIDA, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 10-1 10-1  
2-PLUM PECKER, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 7-4 7-4  
3-PARAPET, 5yrs, 10st 10lb. Dunn 7-1 3-1  
(Winner trained by Thirlwell.)

## 3.25-HAVANT SELLING NATIONAL HUNT FLAT RACE.

Two miles. 7 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-TURKARO, aged, 12st 10lb. Dunn 1-1 2-1  
2-THIRTEENWIND, aged, 12st 10lb. Dunn 1-1 8-1  
3-DEMONSTRATOR, 5yrs, 11st 7lb. Dunn 8-1 8-1  
(Winner trained by Robinson.)

## 4.0-HAMBLETON MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE.

Two miles. 2 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-GLADIATOR, 5yrs, 11st 2lb. Dunn 2-1 2-1  
2-MINTING LASS, 5yrs, 11st 2lb. Dunn 5-1 8-1  
3-MAZARIN, 5yrs, 11st 2lb. Dunn 10-1 10-1  
(Winner trained by Collins.)

## TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES.

## LINGFIELD PARK.

## 2.0-MARCH HARE HURDLE RACE OF 70 SOVS.

Two miles. 10 ran. Sportsman's Life.

- 1-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
2-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
3-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
4-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
5-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
6-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
7-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
8-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
9-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
10-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
11-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
12-NEB, 5yrs, 11st 10lb. Dunn 4-1 4-1  
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## NORTHERN OPINION OF THE ENGLISH TEAM.

Selection of Smith, Harris, and  
Hardman Not Popular in  
League Circles.

### TO-MORROW'S BIG GAMES.

The team to meet Wales on Monday next has by no means met with unanimous approval, and the inclusion of H. Smith, the Reading amateur, has occasioned much adverse comment in the North, for great as is his reputation in the South, the experts up there would have preferred the combination of last year against Scotland—Crompton and Burgess.

Lincaster, of course, could not be kept out of goal, and the half-backs form the strongest trio playing to-day. Forward, Bloomer and Vivian Woodward were, of course, certain, and Stanley Harris has been given the preference over both Bache and Settle.

The success of the Cornishman depends largely on circumstances. Harold Hardman may combine better with Harris than did Booth, but his selection has been very adversely criticised, for experience has shown that he is at his best in club games.

On this latter form he no doubt has thoroughly earned the honour bestowed on him, and his inclusion brings the amateurs in the team to four, a number much above the average nowadays.

No doubt Harris will play all the better for being relieved of the captaincy, which will be undertaken by Howard Spencer. Bond has been preferred to Stokes on the other extreme, but the man for the place is undoubtedly "Jack" Sharp, who played a great part in the defeat of Sunderland at Roker Park last Saturday.

### Anglo-Scotts' Poor Show.

The Anglo-Scotts did not seem to do well at Cathkin Park on Monday, and the only one who seems to be actually correct in his place against England at the Crystal Palace is Loyal, the Sheffield Wednesday custodian. Young Turnbull did not hit it at all with the dancing master Templeton, but his time will yet come.

John McMahon and Hynds, the remaining Manchester City representatives in the match, both did well, and these two, together with Aitken, Howie and McWilliam, have very strong claims for their caps.

The defeat of Manchester City at Nottingham seriously discounts the Cupholders' chances for the championship, and with Everton and Newcastle United gaining such brilliant victories, it really seems as if these teams will be the ultimate candidates for the possession of both the League championship and the Cup.

Notts Forest, after all, look like retaining their position, and the team is at last showing something like the form displayed at the beginning of the season. Notts County are, however, irretrievably doomed, and the repeated failure of Bury this last month might mean the ex-Cupholders accompanying Notts back to the Second Division. The Lancastrians are undoubtedly in a serious position, though neither Notts Forest, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Stoke, or Middlesbrough are safe yet.

### To-morrow's Momentous Matches.

Much depends on to-morrow's matches, for the "Wolves" are due at Middlesbrough and the Nottingham club meet on the County ground. Middlesbrough were lucky in defeating Stoke last week-end, for the visitors were handicapped by injuries to Halford and Benson, and had only hit it at all with the dancing master. Still, the "Ironersiders" as they are termed, showed considerable improvement on previous form, and should snatch a couple of points from the "Wolves."

The Forest ought certainly to defeat their companions in distress, and Bury will have to show vast improvement to stand any chance against Preston North End at Deepdale. The "Shakers" have struck a really bad patch, and their failure must be put down to the mishaps which have recently befallen their veteran captain, George Ross, and the centre-forward, Simpson.

Sheffield United are at all sizes and seven, now, as may be judged from the fact that the great and only Newcastle has had to move forward to inside left, and Blackburn Rovers have every chance of proving successful at Bramall Lane.

Small Heath have fallen off in such unmistakable fashion that I do not think them capable of beating Sunderland, though the match takes place at Coventry-road.

### Second Division Prospects.

In the Second Division there is a full programme, and Manchester United are not unlikely to lose further ground at Blackpool. Bolton Wanderers have an easy game at home against Leicester Fosse, and Liverpool, though away, should have no difficulty in defeating Burton United.

Everything to-morrow, however, pales before the semi-finals for the Cup. Two better games could not be imagined, and I could not pick four better teams out if I tried. Elaborate arrangements have been made both at Stoke and Manchester, and whatever be the outcome, the final at the Palace will undoubtedly be the best for years.

I have no intention of going into any elaborate analysis of form, and will content myself by expecting Everton to beat Aston Villa and Newcastle United to triumph over Sheffield Wednesday. My reason is plain and simple. I believe that they are the better teams of the four.

### THROSTLE.

### BASIL HILL SERIOUSLY ILL.

Basil Hill, the Blackheath, Kent, and English international forward, is lying seriously ill at Greenwich. He took part in the England v. Wales match at Cardiff on January 14 last, and afterwards on medical advice resolved to retire from the game. He is believed to have caught a chill at Richmond on Saturday, while watching the England and Wales match, and this has since developed into pneumonia.

### SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY'S BAD LUCK.

Mr. A. J. Dickinson, the hon. secretary to the Sheffield Wednesday club, states that Chapman, who sustained a nasty injury during the replayed tie with Preston North End in the previous round, will not be able to take his usual place in the team to-morrow at Roker.

Thus, what has all along been feared becomes an accomplished fact, and the strength of the Wednesday team will be diminished thereby. The selection for the actual tie to-morrow afternoon, half an hour before the commencement of the match.

Hyde has secured a centre-forward from Gorton named Madden.

It is expected that R. Orrell, the Preston North End left back, will obtain about £100 as the outcome of his benefit match with Liverpool Reserve on Saturday last. A sum of £75 was taken from the turnstiles, and close on 2,000 tickets were issued.

## A GOOD MOTHER.

Everybody who knows anything will admit that to have a good mother is the best start one can have in life, for a good mother cares for the body and mind of her child, and is always thinking how she can improve both. Nature and science work with her to this end, and the latter has produced that valuable article known as DR. RIDGE'S delicious COOKED FOOD for children and invalids, which for many years has held its position as the leading Food, and has an enormous sale throughout the globe. All good mothers should get a supply of DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

**FROM FACTORY TO RIDER**  
Buy direct and save middlemen's profits.  
Highest quality, fully warranted, at £200.  
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